LOVE for MONEY:

OR, THE

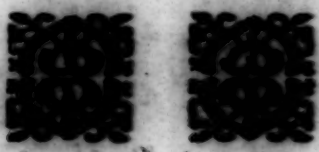
BOARDING-SCHOOL;

A

COMEDY,

As it is Acted at the *Theater-Royal.*

Written by Mr. DURFEY.



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To the Right Honourable

CHARLES,

Lord Viſcount Lanſdown,

Count of the Sacred *Roman Empire*, Baron *Glanvile* of *Kilkhampton*, Lord Lieutenant of the Counties of *Devon* and *Cornwall*, and Governor of the Royal Citadel and Town of *Plymouth*.

My LORD,

THO the Favour my generous and worthy Friends have done me in vindicating this COMEDY againſt the ridiculous Malice of a prejudic'd Party, be very conſiderable, and I ought to be extremely well ſatisfied with my preſent good Fortune, yet is not my Contentment perfect, till I am ſo happy as to lay it at your Feet; and by your unqueſtion'd Merit, Judgment and Noble Patronage, ſecure the Credit of theſe printed Sheets in the Reading.

as the Applause of the Impartial and Judicious have already done in the Presentation.

The Character your Lordship leaves amongst all Persons of Honour and Worth, has encourag'd my Ambition to aspire to this Honour; and tho the Trifle which I humbly dedicate to you, has not Merit enough to defend me from being thought too presuming, yet the dutious Desire and Zeal I have to serve your Lordship, and express my Gratitude for your abundant Favours all manner of ways, will, I'm sure, by your generous Nature, that never frown'd on an addressing Author, nor discourag'd Wit, tho in its meanest quality, be receiv'd as I intend it. I have too long had the Honour and Happiness to know your Lordship, to be ignorant of your great Modesty, when you are oblig'd to hear any thing relating to your own Praise; and I most humbly beg you to believe, that I have not so much of the Author's common Quality, and which we see so generally us'd in all Dedications, that I do pretend to flatter Merit like yours, or offend your Eyes with an Encomium upon your Virtues, which perhaps no Poet has Wit or Skill enough to do you Justice in, and which your uncommon Modesty, and admir'd Humility, I'm sure, would discourage in us if we could.

The Panegyrical Part then of a Dedication, I confess, I cannot for fear think reasonable here, because I know it would be just, in a manner, quite laid aside. For what can I say in your Praise, that our little World here does not already know? Your early Courage and Bravery of Soul, has made its Course like the Sun; and, in relation to *Europe*, has almost extended it self as far, especially where Honour was to be got, or any glorious Action was going forward. And as I believe 'tis impossible for any Person to give a better account of the Sieges of *Vienna* or *Buda* than your self, you omitting no Enterprize that could either signalize your Courage, or satisfy your Curiosity; so 'tis as obvious to the World, that the Great *Leopoldus*, by the glorious Spread-Eagle, so royally bestowed and nobly added to your Houshold Coat, sufficiently gave a Testimony that nothing but extraordinary Worth could be capable of gaining such an Honour.

This,

This, my Lord, is so poor a Diminution of so extensive a Merit, that I'm afraid I shall rather be accused of Injustice than Flattery: for saying any thing in your Praise could not be done, without saying much more than this, especially should I consider, like a right Author, that the Muses are as much oblig'd to you for your generous Incouragement and Protection, as your Country is for Loyalty, Love, and Resolution.

To be Patron both of Arts and Arms, is a Title, my Lord, worthy of you, and which the Actions of your Life daily demonstrate, that you will more and more deserve: for whilst the Sons of *Mars* admire your Experience in War, and the Sons of *Apollo* your Acquirements of Wit and Judgment, no Name can appear fairer in the Book of Fame, nor no Worth better deserve to have a Subscription there.

And as I cannot, my noble Lord, but think it very reasonable for extraordinary Persons to be rewarded with Blessings as extraordinary; so I cannot enough express my heart's entire Joy, that the very Best [illegible] can bestow is lately fallen upon you, in the possession of so much *Vertue* and *Beauty*, which to her lasting Fame is so gloriously exalted, that even *Sacred Majesty*, our never enough Renown'd *Royal Mistress* (than whom none is more Learn'd in the Eternal Volumes of Goodness) is full of her Applause; and that this extremest Happiness which now you possess, may crown your Days and Nights to all Eternity, is the unfeign'd and real Wish of,

My LORD,

Your Lordship's most Humble,

and most Devoted,

T. DURFEY.

THE PREFACE.

IF I were now half flustred with Drinking, and design'd to be malicious, as some of my back Friends were the first Day this Play was acted, I could make as ridiculous a Description of their Behaviour in the Pit, as my Comick Characters make of others upon the Stage: But Prejudice taking no Effect, and I owning myself sober, resolve to desist from any Acts of Hostility in that kind; and could wish that my hissing Antagonists of the Nimble Craft had as ingeniously borne a little comical Diversion where no Reflection was singular, and which my Courtesy and Good-nature took such care not to expose in any particular Person, rather than by a noisy expounding of what the Judges of Wit allow deserv'd it not, do themselves that Injury which I never intended, by rendring themselves fit to be laugh'd at, for seeming to be nettled at what they might reasonably find, if they had been pleased to consider it, could never give them occasion.

I confess, if what has been maliciously told to some Persons of Honour (Judges of Sense and Gratitude) to whom I've the Happiness to be known, were true, viz. That I liv'd at a Boarding-School near London all last Summer, and in return of their hospitable Civility, writ this Play ungratefully to expose 'em, I could not defend my self from being really as guilty as they must naturally think me: but

but my Stars were so happy to give an occasion of satisfying these noble Persons to the contrary, before the Play was acted; and I now think it reasonable to inform the Reader, and the Town in general, that I never was oblig'd more than for common Courtesies (en passant) to any of 'em, which I may fairly say I have equally return'd; and without Reflection upon their House-keeping, in spite of Revolutions, have always been so lucky not to have the necessity of being troublesome to them for Maintenance, or accept of any Courtesy which I could not, or did not return.

And tho after the poor and envious Injury of endeavouring to explode a thing right or wrong, I ought to be proud of my Conquest, which has done me the favour of shewing not only the Power, but Number of my Friends, and totally at their own Weapon routed my Enemies, yet will I not expose my self by an unnecessary Boast, nor side with them in their Opinion that this Comedy was written purposely to reflect on a particular Family to whom I had a prejudice: for I utterly disown any such thing; for had Prejudice excited me, I might have fix'd my Characters accordingly, and given some occasion to 'em to be exasperated, which I'm sure my Comedy has not done; all the Scenes being general, and no Character nor Dress shewn particularly. Nor can any Poet be blam'd for shewing this new Humour of a School, when even our Senate-House, nay the Church, have been contented to suffer themselves to be the Subject of our Comical Diversions. And as to the painted Scene which some cavil at, it might have been York *as well as* Chelsey, *if the Beauty of the Place had not given me occasion to fix there.*

And now to shew that even our little Raillery in Plays, tho intended merely for Mirth only, yet has power to disturb even the Men and Women of the greatest Sense, who are biass'd by other People who mischievously resolve to place the Reflection upon the wrong Persons; it has been to my Acquaintance told me, that some Words in the beginning of Lady Addleplot's *Part, reflect upon a certain noble Person now in Disgrace; whom, by all that's sacred, I am and ever was so far from reflecting on, or doing the least unmanner'd Injury to in that kind, that I'm sorry from*

my

my [illegible] his Misfortune: and if they please to consider [illegible] Time when this Play was written, being in June last, they will find 'tis impossible for him, amongst all Mankind, to be the Subject of that Scene, which touches no particular, nor Person of Quality, but common Ruffians in general.

As to the Comedy it self, the Success it has had is so well known, that I need give no further Relation; only I must acknowledge my self sensibly oblig'd both to the Patentees and Sharers for dressing it so well, and to all the Actors in general for their extraordinary Performance. And as Comedy, tho never so good, lessens it self to the Reader, wanting its taking Ornament of Action; so if this chance to meet with moderate liking from the Judicious, and those that have so generally appear'd my Friends, I shall beg leave to make use of a Couplet of the late famous Earl of Rochester, and say,

If but some few, whom I omit to name,
Approve my Sense, I count their Censure, Fame.

PRO-

PROLOGUE.

When Criticks come resolv'd to damn a Muse,
What Wit can please, what Prologue can excuse?
'Tis vain endeavouring to unblind their Eyes,
Of such inveterate force is Prejudice:
Poor harmless Plays can draw a Power's Hate,
As if 'twere Revolution of a State!
And with such force your Batteries are engag'd.
As if you took the Stage for Mons besieg'd.
If in a Character a Fool we shew,
'Tis ten to one it angers some Town-Beau;
Or if some boistrous Female's rampant Tricks,
That cuckolds Husbands, and talks Politicks,
As Leigh's Part now—that straight must needs abuse
Some Stickler in the Ladies Coffee-House;
Tho no Reflection is intended here,
And I dare swear the Poet ne'er was there.
Or if we shew the Humours of a School,
Offending none, still some will play the Fool;
Some dancing Critick, in despite of Wit,
Shall swear, we do it to offend his Kit;
And rashly his dull City-Friend possess,
That our Romps here—are meant his Babes of Grace:
Tho all true Judges no Reflection find,
And nothing but Diversion is design'd.
The Poet thinks then, finding this is true,
Implores th' assistance of the generous few,
Assuring them they shall diverted be,
If th' Malecontents will let 'em hear and see.
You all can judge of Plays as well as they,
Party as wise; and sure pretend we may
To be as strong too at this time of day.

Thus

Thus low then he addresses to you all,
Your Favour can his Doom proscrib'd recall;
And 'tis by you that he must stand or fall.
He has done nothing here to make 'em Foes,
No Wench nor no Opinion does expose,
But only harmless Comick Humour shews.

As to the Ladies;

He says, he would not, nor he dares not wrong 'em,
There are no Romps nor rampant Wives among 'em,
Nor Jilts;——yet in some hole should there be one
That will make Leigh's *or* Jiknell's *pare her own,*
Her Hiss beyond Applause he must prefer,
A Clap would more pernicious be from her.

Dramatis

Dramatis Personæ.

MEN.

Sir *Rowland Ratchell*, a covetous mercenary vicious swearing atheistical Old Fellow, Uncle to *Amorous*, who by cheating an Infant Orphan to whom he was Guardian, possessed an Estate of 3000 *l.* a Year. — Mr. *Underhill.*

Jack Amorous, a witty Extravagant of the Town, generous and well-natur'd, but so extremely given to Women, that he keeps a Jilt, and has spent his Estate upon her. — Mr. *Mountfort.*

Will. Harriott, a witty modest well-bred Gentleman, tho of small Fortune, a great lover of Learning, and skill'd in Philosophy, Poetry and Musick. — Mr. *Hodson.*

Old Harriott, his Father, an honest, religious, conscientious Gentleman, that privately plac'd *Mirtilla* in a Boarding-School, and maintains her unknown to Sir *Rowland.* — Mr. *Freeman.*

Ned Brag, alias *Captain Bouncer*, an impudent lying Town-Sharper, of infamous Birth and no Merit, yet having kept by Lady *Addleplot*, wears rich Clothes, keeps high Company, and passes for a Captain. — Mr. *Powel.*

Old Zachary Brag, Father to *Ned*, an ignorant old blunt peevish Grandee of King *William*'s Army, that by his stupid Bluntness always shames his Son in Company, and hectors him into an Allowance. — Mr. *Bright.*

Deputy Mumpsop, Deputy of a Ward, a softly sneaking unctious Citizen, Husband to Lady *Addleplot*, and ridiculously fond of her and the Roup his Daughter. — Mr. *Dogget.*

Monsieur

Monsieur Le Prate, an impertinent, nasty, singing, dancing, prating *French* Fop, perpetually gabling in Company, and crying up the Actions of the *French* King,	Mr. *Bowen.*
A Singing Master,	Mr. *Kirkham.*
A Dancing Master,	Mr. *Bowman.*
A Presbyterian Parson,	Mr. *Paire.*

WOMEN.

Lady Addleplot, a lusty flaunting imperious Lady, a high-flown Stickler against the Government, and always railing at it, in talking of Politicks.—	Mrs. *Anth. Leigh.*
Lady Straddle, her Companion, a Papist and Grumbler.	Mrs. *Richardson.*
Mirtilla, the Orphan, witty, modest and virtuous, kept privately at a Boarding-School by *Old Merriton*, and true Heiress of 3000 *l.* a year.	Mrs. *Bracegirdle.*
Miss Jenny, Daughter to Lady *Addleplot.*	Mrs. *Knight.*
Miss Molly, Daughter to *Nicompoop*— two tawdry, hoyden over-grown Romps of the Boarding-School.	Mrs. *Davis.*
Betty Jiltall, a cunning, sighing, weeping, whoddling, toying, chattering, mercenary Town-Jilt, kept by *Answers*, that imposes upon him, and preaches Fondness merely for Interest.	Mrs. *Butler.*
Crowfish, Teacher to the Boarding-School.	Mrs. *Cory.*
Tearshift, Woman to Lady *Addleplot.*	Mrs. *Osborn.*
Oyley, Woman to *Jiltall.*	Mrs. *Leigh.*
Constable, Musicians, Guards, Mob, Footmen, and Attendants.	

The Scene *CHELSEY*, by the River. The time 36 hours.

LOVE for MONEY;

OR, THE

BOARDING-SCHOOL.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Enter Young Merriton *and* Amorous.

Mer. HA, ha, ha, thou art the pleasant'st Fellow———

Amor. Nay, prithee suspend thy damn'd critical Censure till I have told thee the Plot; and then if thou laugh'st at me———

Mer. I shall have cause, hah———

Amor. No, gad, not unless strength of Judgment, exquisite Wit, admirable Contrivance, and the rest of the noble Ingredients that qualify a Brain for things extraordinary, can give cause.

Mer. Very well, Sir, we shall judge of that presently; proceed.

Amor. Art thou ſolid then? Is thy face ſet?

Mer. Not a line out of order, as grave as a Country-Vicar expounding at Catechize: when d'ye begin?

Amor. Thus then, I need not tell thee, to prolong the ſtory, the Extravagancies of my ungovernable Minority, thy ſelf always being a Spectator of 'em, tho no friend to 'em; nor need I expoſe my own paſſionate Inclinations for that delicious Creature Woman, whoſe ſweet dear bewitching Sex I ſtill cannot repent adoring, tho it has been the utter ruin of my Fortunes; my dear *Betty* whom I now live withal, charming me as much in this my worſt and loweſt Ebb, as when I was a Flutterer at the Court with Coach and Six, and gaudy Equipage.

Mer. Prithee take my counſel, Friend, and do not doze and ſlumber o'er thy Ruin: I lately came, thou know'ſt, from the Univerſity, and for ſelf-ſatisfaction muſt confeſs, a great part of my ſtudy there was Woman, that dear damn'd tempting Sex, as thou haſt call'd 'em. I made Remarks from Rules of Phyſiognomy, ſtudied Complexions, knew whether Black or Fair were true or falſe, all Female Pinnaces, and how much Love would freight 'em; even blinded my own with poring on black Eyes, to find their ſubtile motions; and for Noſes, I knew all Natures from the high Roman Arch, to the ſharp little turn-up Noſe that ſtands as if 'twere ſet i'th' face to hang one's Hat on.

Amor. Very well, Sir, and what does your learned Worſhip infer from this?

Mer. Now I come to thee; this Skill, amongſt the reſt of that Soul-gaining-Tribe, has taught me to obſerve thy *Betty*, thy deareſt Charmer, as thou fondly call'ſt her; and tho fond Love muffle her faults from thee, I can perceive, and plainly, her jiltiſh Actions, and muſt take the freedom of a Friend to tell thee, ſhe's falſe, and does abuſe thy Love.

Amor. Impoſſible! her Gratitude would ſecure me from ſuch a Baſeneſs, if I had no Merit to deſerve her; which, begging excuſe of your Severity, I ſhall not altogether believe, Sir: beſides, her Beauty and agree-

able

able Behaviour make ſuch a large impreſſion on my Heart, all other Joy is pall'd and unpalatable, like Wine uncover'd to the Summer Air. She's all that Luxury could wiſh to pleaſe it.

I look abroad, and ſee the Young, Soft, Fair,
Then turn me round, and find 'em all in her.

Mer. Nay, if you are upon your Raptures, I have done with you.

Amor. Beſides, I have given her frequently luſty ſums of Gold, the more to endear her to me; and that I'm ſure is the Lover's beſt Proof of his Affection.

Mer. Yes faith, and the worſt of his Diſcretion.

Amor. Diſcretion! why thou talkſt like a Shop-keeper weighing of Soap; a manager of Senſe by drams and ounces: Diſcretion is a ſpurious Brat begot between ſolid Dulneſs and ſophiſticated Reaſon; a ſtaple Commodity for cheating in Trade, upon the *Royal Exchange*; a Virtue in Country-Graziers, that would ſell Horſes or buy Sheep; the dull Companion of bob-tail'd Chaplains newly come from the College, for whom Diſcretion is as good an Epithet, as Circumſpection is for one that ſquints; but amongſt the *Beaux Eſprits*, and men of Senſe, is, was, and ever will be, the jeſt of Converſation, and the ſcandal of good Company.

Mer. Handſomly troll'd off i'faith, and this you ſtedfaſtly believe?

Amor. Moſt conſcientiouſly; I have known your diſcreet Perſon wear his Crevat three inches from his Neck, wipe his Noſe on his Sleeve, act the Mute in witty Company three hours together, cram himſelf with other Peoples Jeſts to vent 'em dully as his own at home, get his Cookmaid with Child in the Kitchen, and every night in the Parlour expound againſt Whoring with a Pox to him.

Mer. But didſt thou ever hear he ſettled three hundred pounds a year upon her, as thou haſt on *Betty*? hah! Prithee was not that want of Diſcretion? wert thou not a Cully for that?

Amor. Not at all; no damn him, a Cully is a dull ſenſeleſs Rogue bubbled and trick'd out of his Eſtate by Subtlety. I can own my ſelf an Extravagant, but no Cully; what ſhe has I gave her as a *quantum meruit* for her Love, and not thro Impoſition on her part: ſhe did endear my generous Faculty, but cheated me of nothing; and there is as much difference between *Timon* of *Athens*'s Generoſity, and Sir *Timothy Baſhſop*'s laviſh Eolly, as between the Courage of a brave Officer bred in a Camp. and a ſneaking Captain of a Country-Militia.

Mer. Well, well; but thou forget'ſt the Plot all this while.

Amor. I beg thy Pardon: To gain then another Eſtate, to make amends for what I have ſquander'd away, *Betty* and I, being newly return'd from *Flanders*, where we made ſhift to melt the laſt 2000 *l.* are involv'd in a Deſign, and ſuch a one, that were *Nick Macchiavel* alive he'd be aſham'd of his Inſufficiency; and thou only, as my deareſt Friend, I have thought fit to truſt in't.

Mer. Come on then, let's hear.

Amor. Thou ſhalt; and what will make thee wonder, know then, that tho I have lately brag'd of my own Abilities, 'tis to thy Father that I am principally oblig'd.

Mer. My Father! prithee how?

Amor. Thou haſt heard, no doubt, of old Sir *Rowland Rakehell*, a rich Uncle I have here in *Chelſey*.

Mer. Pox, ev'ry body has heard of him, there is not ſuch another drunken, roaring, wicked, debauch'd old Dog in the whole Pariſh: I hear he was try'd for his Life once, for making away a young Orphan Heireſs, to whom he was Guardian, whoſe Eſtate he now enjoys of three thouſand Pounds a year.

Amor. He was ſo, and but for ſubornation of Witneſſes, and Money, had mounted for't: well, he is to do my buſineſs however, and in this manner. Thy Father, to whom I am faith moſt infinitely oblig'd, had, it ſeems, ſuch a near acquaintance with that young Orphan's deceaſed Parents, that he can give account of every

every paſſage between 'em, the very particulars of the Will, the moſt remarkable Jewels left, and each other thing of moment committed before their death to the charge of my confounded Uncle.

Mer. Very well, Sir, and what of this?

Amor. Why this will produce the beſt Plot in the world; for inſtructed by him who knows all their Concerns, it is contriv'd to dreſs up my *Betty* as if ſhe came from the *Indies*, to which Place 'tis ſaid the other was kidnap'd, and top her upon my Uncle inſtead of the true Orphan.

Mer. But can my Father give any noted Demonſtration?

Amor. To every point, and ſo ſubſtantially (for elſe it were an empty Undertaking) that it will put the old Hell-hound into ſuch a fright, that he'll be glad to part with a round Settlement to me, to ſecure the reſt: What think'ſt thou?

Mer. Faith it looks with a good face, I confeſs.

Amor. I therefore have agreed to place her at a Boarding-School, that the buſineſs may look the more grave.

Mer. Where I ſhall be the better able to aſſiſt thee, having an admirable Intrigue of my own there.

Amor. Haſt thou? gad that's rare, What is't, a pretty Whore?

Mer. A Whore! the Devil's in thee, thou think'ſt a'l Women are of that ſort.

Amor. That ſort, ay, and the beſt ſort too; that's an Article of my Creed, faith.

Mer. Thou art a leud Fellow, and canſt not reliſh an Intrigue of Honour.

Amor. Not well faith, tho I had lately like to have engag'd in ſuch a buſineſs with a pretty young Tit ſince I came over, and in that very School thou talkſt of too, had not thy wiſe Father, who gad I believe has ſtudied my Conſtitution, diverted me to purſue this Plot upon my Uncle; and faith I confeſs I was willing enough to leave it off, for an Intrigue of Honour is in my ſenſe juſt like a tedious Fox-chaſe, a Man is forc'd to

ride a long dirty Race out of the way for a Purchaſe neither worth his time nor his trouble. However, I'll be thy good Genius for once, and propheſy thou ſhalt proſper: for if Wit, Poetry, Muſick, and all the noble Qualities that build up true Perfection in a Man, are capable of winning her, ſhe's thine.

Mer. Oh Sir, no flattery to your Friend; yet I muſt own, tho Poetry be a Drug to the dull part of the unthinking World, it is to her a Jewel worth her prizing; ſhe's skill'd in Books, Friend, a Rarity in Women, eſpecially bred in a Boarding-School: ſhe has all her Sexes Graces without their Frailty, Modeſty without their Affectation, Wit without their Miſchief, and Love without their Levity: then for Beauty, ſhe has enough to make a Man an Atheiſt, believing there could be no greater Heaven.

Amor. Now who's in Rapture?

Mer. O 'tis impoſſible I ſhould avoid it when ſhe's the Subject.

Amor. How now, who have we here?

Enter Le Prate, *ſinging and adjuſting himſelf fantaſtically.*

Le Prate ſings.] Dans nous Bois Silvandre Eſcria.

Mer. A pox on him, I know him already by his damn'd tone; 'tis one Monſieur *le Prate*, a ſinging, dancing, talking, fluttering Nothing, a Fellow whoſe chief diſcourſe is always in bragging of the mighty Actions of the *French* King, for which he is loudly cry'd up by all that Party: he's a great Intriguer too, but then 'tis the *French* way, that is, he never brings it to any effect; but above all, ſuch an eternal Tongue-pad, that the Clack on't never ceaſes, no not in his ſleep; in ſhort, he's a right *Frenchman* in his niceſt quality: and now am I wiſhing for *Moroſe*'s Nightcaps, only to defend my Ears againſt him, for I ſee he has us in the Wind.

Amor. Gad have but Patience, and thou ſhalt hear me gabble with him; I have as good a knack at bawling as he.

Mer. So, I am like to be entertain'd.

Le Prat.

Le Prat. Tholl, loll, loll——Ah Meſſires come vous portezvous; Well let me never be appee in de poſſeſſion of de fair Angel dat I adore, if I have not bin ſick for the ſight of my dear Monſieur *Merriton*, he is de life de ſoul of Converſation, a bon Companee, all de reſt dat I meet are dull effiord, flat, Scoundrels, not fit for a Man of Parts to ſprinkle the Dew of Wit upon. I tell you vat, I juſt now came from *London* from de, how you call it, de Houſe of de Parlement, de place vere de great a people make a de Law, and de Goſpel too begar I tink, juſt by de great Shurſh yonder, and dere de firſt ting I hear was a dam Raſcal Sloven out at de Elbow talk politique and ſetling de Nation with another Block-head, who ſware ſo loud, dat de ver wind of de oath blew off a reverend Biſhop's hat begar dat vas going to ſerve his Country in de oder houſe; den after when I came into de great Hall below, dere one confounded Lawyer teize me two whole hour vid ſimple ſtory leſſening de vaſt and immortal glory of de great and renown'd Monarch of *France* begar.——A plague wat Converſation is dis? what ſon of whore dere be in de world, hah deer *Merriton*, hah Monſieur, vat you tink, hah?

Amor. Why gad for my part I think the Lawyer was in the right, and that your great and monſtrous Monarch that you talk of, will be par'd leſs, and brought into ſhape very ſhortly.

Le Prat. Zoon, vat you ſay le grand Roy de *France* par'd leſs? how you mean Monſieur? vat is pare leſs? Zoon I no underſtand you.

Mer. So, the Wind riſes, now for the Storm.

Amor. Shid mauld, Monſieur, ſome of the Brood of old Engliſh *Harry* the Fifth are yet alive, who unable to bear Inſolences ſo diſgraceful to their antient Glory, ſhall unite together, and fight, baffle, rout, and confound——

Le Prat. The great Monarch of *France*? [*Haſtily.*

Amor. Lop off his fluttering Pride and ill-got Grandeur, and pare him for their Uſe like a Cork for a Bottle.

Le Prat. Who, the great Monarch of *France?*

[*Fiercely.*

Amor. I ſee him tumbling already, he's going with a Vengeance, loſt, irrecoverably gone.

Le Prat. Zoon, who, the great Monarch of *France?*

[*More fiercely.*

Amor. The great Monarch of *France!* Ay, the great Monarch of *France.* What a pox d'ye take him for a Devil, and think that no body can cope with him?

Le Prat. Yes begar, you will find him too grand a Devil for you to conjure, ha, ha, ha. Le grand Roy de *France* going down, it make a me ſmile; but you *Engliſh* have ſuch fine faculty of bragging, dere is no Nation under de Sun dat compare with your true *Engliſhmen*; for dat the *French* ſneer, and make grimace, the *Dutch* belch, the *Spaniard* ſtrut, the *German* huff, the *Danes* tope, and the *Engliſhmen* only brag, brag, brag, and do noting begar; ha, ha, ha, my dear Monſieur *Merriton*, vat ſay you?

Mer. I beg your pardon, faith nothing, not I Sir: I think you have ſaid enough for us both.

Amor. Ha, ha, ha, ha.

Le Prat. You laugh ver good, you have ver good diverſion; you tinke this grand Diable, as you call him, is going down too; but vat if I tell you he is rather coming up, up here into your Country, and vat if he bring one hundred towſand little Devil with huge long Horn to butt at you, vat den, vat den.

Amor. Why then we'll cull an Army of Cuckolds out of the City to butt at him agen; we have as many Horns as he, or elſe the Devil's in't.

Le Prat. Ver well, do, do, abuſe de City, do, anger 'em, and make 'em keep up their Wives, and call in the Money they have lent; make dem refuſe to raiſe the Regiments they promis'd, do.

Amor. No faith, I'm reſolved to ſpeak well of 'em, in certain hope that thoſe very Regiments ſhall be the firſt to rouze your great *French* Dragon out of his Den; they're all ſwinging Warriours, I tell you that beſides.

Le

Le Prat. Beſides! but hark ye, but hark ye.

Amor. Nay, nay, hark you, I ſay there is another Stratagem.

Le Prat. Zoon hear a me ſpeak, morbleau hear a me ſpeak, I ſay dat———

Amor. I ſay that the Common Council of *London* have within this two Days made an Order—

Le Prat. I ſay that de Policy of *France* have thought fit— [*Speaking both together.*

Mer. So, ſo, hallooe, hallooe, ten Crowns to one on the *French* Tarrier. [*Apart.*

Amor. Politically, judiciouſly, wiſely for the Safety of the People.

Le Prat. Zoon will you not give me leave? I tell you dat de beſt—

Amor. Tell me nothing, the beſt at a Stratagem in the whole World is—

Le Prat. Is the *French* King, begar, there I got before you.

Amor. The *French* King, a pox, we ſhall ſtarve him in one ſix Months longer; the loſs of his Wine-Trade has almoſt broke his Heart already, that one Law has undone him.

Le Prat. Yes begar, juſt as much as de other Law for ſelling Wine at ſixpence de Quart did the Vintners; morbleau he know ver well how much you *Engliſh* care for de Law, or de Goſpel either: on my Conſienſe I was particularly deſign'd by Providence to confront and rally the Vices of your Country: I perceive every Day ſo many filthy Crime, fulſome Follies, damn'd Extravagance, and ungenerous Action, that dear *Merriton*, I cannot forbear telling thee as my boſom-Friend, that I cannot help being extreamly fatigu'd and diſturb'd, and am begar eternally—

Mer. Eternally prating, a pox take thee, and I am the unlucky Dog doom'd to be worried,—buz—in ſhort, *Amorous* and I have ſome Buſineſs together, therefore prithee let me beg thee to be ſo civil as to leave us.

Le Prat. Leave us, dat is very fine, dere be a touch now of right *Engliſh* Breeding, they never diſtinguiſh a Man of Parts from the naſty Vulgar; foh I hate ill Manners like a Toad, but Times will turn, the *French* are coming d'ye hear, that's my comfort: five hundred Sail, and a thouſand Fireſhips, they're coming ma foy.

Mer. Well, get thee gone, and let 'em come and be damn'd. [*Exeunt. & Ex.*

Le Prat. A thouſand Fireſhips, Zoon there will be a Blaze.

Mer. Prithee oblige us and go—Dear *Le Prate*, be ſo civil.

Amor. The Rogue has made me ſweat like a Hoſteſs in the Dog-days. [*Aſide.*

Le Prat. Why then all Raillery apart, morbleau I cannot be civil if I would, not ſtir one Foot from dis place, for I've appointed Muſick this inſtant to meet me here to ſerenade a Lady that lodges juſt there at the corner of that Houſe, ah; and ſee here they come Meſſires, ſortbein venu.

Enter Muſicians.

Amor. This Lady he ſpeaks of is my *Betty*, that Window there belongs to her Apartment; ſhe has told me indeed of a fidling Fool that often addreſſed himſelf this way, and now I find 'tis this Coxcomb.

Mer. Art thou not jealous?

Amor. What of ſuch a thing? prithee have a better Opinion of me and her too; I'm ſatisfy'd ſhe knows him for a Fool.

Mer. And perhaps likes him the better: Women have ſtrange Appetites; a Man of Senſe, as a good ſtanding Diſh, may go down a little at firſt, but a Fool is generally their belov'd ſecond Courſe and Deſſert; Traſh and Trompery beſt ſutes their longing.

Amor. To convince thee of the contrary in her, ſtep aſide here, and thou ſhalt ſee how ſhe'll uſe him.

[Le Prate *is inſtructing the Muſick.*

Mer. With all my Heart, for I confeſs I am yet an Infidel. [*A Song here, mimicking the* French.

SONG.

SONG.

I.

As ſoon as Day began to peep,
And little twinkling Stars withdraw,
Begar me cou'd no longer ſleep,
Dear charming Devil, for you;
But from my weary tumbled Bed
Muſt early rouze my penſive Head,
My Paſſion to purſue,
To come with Fiddle, Song, and Voice,
To bid good morr to your bright Eyes
Me love ſo much morbleau.

Second Movement.

With ſitting up late at your Window or Gate,
With howling and ſquauling I'm grown a mere Cat,
And all that your Grace I may win:
I ſcratch and I purr at your cruel Heart's Door,
And mew, mew, mew, to come in.

II.

Sometime that ugly Witch Deſpair
Make me believe you frown,
And tempt me, which is ver ſevere,
To hang my ſelf or drown.
But tho me dare with Rival fight,
And watch your Door whole Winter-night,
Yet me no care to ſwing.
De Voice, de Fiddle, and de Song
To ſay I love, and ſay how ſtrong,
Begar is muſh de better Ting.
With ſitting, &c.

Enter Oyley.

Le Prat. Oh, I ſee ſhe has ſent for me: Tres humble ſerviture, ſweet Miſtreſs *Oyley*.

[*Combs his Peruke*, &c.

Oyley. Sir, my Lady wonders you are not aſhamed to make this Noiſe to diſturb the Neighbours; ſhe bid me tell you too, that ſhe admires you ſhould think that pitiful

pitiful fidling and piping ſhould win a Lady of her Beauty and Quality; ſo firſt deſiring a Ceſſation of Cat-guts, ſhe implores your Abſence—The Fool has been here twice a piping without a penny of Money in's Pocket, which I can aſſure him will not take with us. [*Exit.*

Le Prat. Not fidling and piping win a Lady? A plague of your damn'd *Engliſh* Brutality: Zoon there is no other way in *France* to win de Lady, but dat; a Lady there, ſhall as ſoon take a Gentleman with a good Pipe as a good Patrimony; but here nothing will do but Money, Money, a plague take her. Gazoone I muſt get ſome and preſent her, for I love her damnably, and I ſee dere is no oder way; along Meſſires.

[*Ex.* Le Prate *and Muſick.*

Amor. Now, did not I tell thee how ſhe'd uſe him? I know ſhe hates all Mankind but me.

Mer. Still I ſay be wary; for according to the Poet,

Show me a Man of Senſe in all the Roll,
That ſome one Woman has not made a Fool.

Here ſhe comes, my Company will be of no uſe now; beſides, I've a Billet to write to my own dear Angel. Adieu. [*Exit* Merriton.

Enter Jiltall *and* Oyley; Amorous *runs and embraces her.*

Amor. My deareſt Comfort!

Jilt. My Jewel—my dear *Jacky*, why did you riſe ſo early this Morning, Sirrah, hah?

Amor. I had Buſineſs, Child; but I have been laughing this half Hour at Mrs. *Oyley*'s Meſſage to that ſerenading *French* Puppy: ah my ſweet Life, every Hour brings me more and more into thy Debt.

Jilt. And ſo ye dear Rogue, you have been Eves-dropping, have you? Indeed *Jackey*, I won't allow that: what can't your Miſtreſs have a ſpare Gallant to her ſelf a little, but you muſt be peeping, you little pretty honey dear Dog you? [*Claps his Cheek.*

Oyley. Now is there ſomething to be got out of him I'm ſure, by this Fondneſs;—ah Wit of Man, where art thou? [*Aſide.*

Amor.

Amor. Would I had never ſeen it, for I am grown ſo jealous o'th ſudden, and my Heart does ſo ſwell; go, go, get ye gone, I don't love ye, you ſhan't kiſs me no more, you have got a *French* Flap-dragon now.

Filt. I'll fit you as well anon at Night, for I'll tie your Hands to the Bed-poſts, when you are aſleep; I'm reſolv'd you ſhall play no more tricks with me.

Amor. Nor you ſhan't wake me no more, if you go to that, with ſprauling over me, pretending to put out the Candle.

Filt. Do you hear *Oyley*, did you ever hear ſuch a confident little dear Honey, lying Rogue? there's for you, Sirrah. [*Slaps him.*

Amor. And there's for you Huſſy, and that, and that. [*Flings his Gloves.*

Mrs. *Oyley*, pray ſtand by a little, and ſee fair Play, and you ſhall ſee how I'll maul her, I'll ſmother her immediately.

Filt. Oh, a Truce, a Truce, I'll play no more, but I'll pummel you at Night, Sirrah; you ſhan't think to carry't off thus, you ſhan't, you dear, dear, dear, ſweet damn'd Dog you. [*Claps his Cheeks, and kiſſes him.*

Oyley. Ah ſweet damn'd Cunning, how I love thee! this muſt be upon ſome mighty Matter, for this is better acted than ordinary. [*Aſide.*

Filt. But leaving off fooling, for I'm ſo fond of this Puppy, that I can ſcarce mind any other Buſineſs; how goes our Plot, *Jacky?* when is this naſty Uncle of thine to be fleec'd? when am I to act the *Indian* Heireſs, and take my Voyage from *Bantam?* Ah you dear little Pimp, you.

Amor. What, you expect a new Addition to your Settlement, do you Huſſy? but I'll prevent thoſe vain Hopes, I will black Eyes, for I won't tell a Word.

Filt. Chooſe Churl, you ſhan't kiſs the Money-Mole upon my Duddy this Month then, I am reſolv'd.

Amor. Ah dear, dear Mole, come I will, I will tell rather than be puniſh'd ſo, I'll diſcover any thing.

Filt. Quickly then, for if once I ſwear, begin and ſeriouſly.

Amor. Why then, in good earneſt, you are to go to your new Lodgings to Night.

Jilt. At the Boarding-School?

Amor. The ſame; I have agreed with the Governeſs, and have alſo found out a roguiſh Lawyer of my Acquaintance, with a Conſcience and Confidence ſuitable to the Buſineſs, who is to be ready to begin the Proceſs. We have got a Sun-burnt Sailer or two likewiſe to ſwear he was hir'd to carry her over, and put the better face upon the Matter.

Jilt. And I'll warrant you for acting my part; give me but my Cue, and you ſhall ſee me do it like any Player.

Amor. If I ſhould get a Thouſand Pounds a Year by this Trick now, would not you want a Croſhet of Diamonds, a Necklace of Pearl, nor no ſuch Trifle, hah? for I find you will take Pains, and act your part very diligently.

Jilt. Indeed, my dear ſweet pretty Puppy-face, not for that, but only becauſe, Child, I know a thouſand Guineas would do thee good; thou knowſt, my dear Dog, I was never fond of Money: beſides, *Jacky*, I have a Croſhet and Necklace already. I confeſs, Love, if I had a pair of Pendants, as my Lord *Keepwell*'s Miſtreſs has———

Oyley. Oh, now 'tis out. [*Aſide.*

Jilt. I think they would become me as well; but my Sweet Honey Sugar-candy Rogue, I can be contented without, I'll ask nothing, Deareſt.

[*Strokes and kiſſes him.*

Oyley. Finely acted I ſwear! Ah, where's the Wit of a Man now? I ſay ſtill, there's not a ſtroke of that ſoft Hand but will coſt him fifty Guineas. [*Aſide.*

Amor. Thou needſt not ask, that mayſt command ſo abſolutely; I'll tell thee more when I poſſeſs it: In the mean time be ſure to get ready againſt Seven in th' Evening to take Coach, I'll go put on my Diſguiſe, and find out my Uncle, who is either damning himſelf at the *Magpy* Tavern, or at my Lady *Addleplot*'s juſt by it; there I'll break the matter to him, and dear Fortune ſtand

ſtand but propitious now, and then my ſweet pretty charming black Eyes, and I, will live and laugh, and love to perpetuity. [*Exit* Amor.

Jilt. And if thou failſt in it, thou ſhalt be ſerv'd juſt as the Money-leſs Monſieur was before thee. *Oyley*, how doſt thou like my managing of this fond Puppy?

Oyley. Troth Madam, I have been admiring you, and think you have play'd a better Scene than is to be ſeen upon the Stage: but pray give me leave to ask you a Queſtion, Do you not love Mr. *Amorous* at all?

Jilt. No Faith, not I, but I love his Money, which I find this Plot is likely to bring—He has already ſettled three hundred Pounds a Year upon me; I love that well enough.

Oyley. And yet you call him Dear, and Sweet, and Honey.

Jilt. Words, Words only—mere Springs to catch Woodcocks; I never call a Fellow Dear and Sweet, and Honey, but I think him a Dog, a Cully, and a Raſcal.

Oyley. If you think ſo ill of him who is a witty Man, and whoſe only Fault is too much Fondneſs, how will you entertain the impertinent *Frenchman*, that I know intends you another Viſit?

Jilt. Why if he comes with Money, you ſhall admit him; Love for Money, ever while you live, Wench.

Oyley. What, that nauſeous chattering Fool?

Jilt. Ay, ay, any Fool in *Europe* that has Money; learn this of me: as they that firſt debauch us, do it for their own Pleaſure, without any conſideration of our Ruin; ſo we that are debauch'd ought to value no Merit equal to our Intereſt. If a Fool comes larded with Guineas, and a Wit empty, the Fool is like to be preferr'd for all the t'other's Tropes and Figures. Beſides, a Wit plays cautiouſly, and upon the ſquare, when a Fool ſets deep without Conſideration, and therefore to me is the more meritorious by half.

For what's the worth of any thing,
But ſo much Money as 'twill bring?

As a famous Author has it.

Oyley. Now you talk of Money, here comes Mr. Deputy *Nicompoop*, the ſneaking rich Goldſmith that married the famous Stickler againſt the Government, the Lady *Addleplot*.

Enter Nicom. *and* Brag.

Jilt. I have heard of her, her Houſe is the very Common Shore into which all the Male-contents oth' Town drain themſelves: ſhe pretends to rail at the Times for Conſcience ſake, but 'tis really on no other ſcore but her own Vanity; for the glory of being thought a notable Woman, outweighs all her other Reaſons whatever. That fluttering Fellow there goes for her Kinſman, but is really her Gallant, and kept by her under her Huſband's Noſe; ſo ſhe finiſhes her Character at her Cuckold's coſt, and by her management of him, teaches the true Doctrine of Paſſive Obedience.

Oyley. Bleſs me, how fine is he; I ſee theſe grumbling Ladies keep high, however they miſlike the Government. [*Exeunt.*

Nicom. Nay but, ſeriouſly, Captain, and Son-in-Law that muſt be, I was ſtrangely aſham'd to have an impudent Fellow, a ragged Red-coat Rogue to talk at that rate.

Y. Brag. By the Sun and Moon, and all the Planets, had I heard him, his Soul had paid for his Saucineſs, the Sun ſhould have ſhun thro him e'er he had ſpoke five words; but prithee, honeſt Father-in-Law that muſt be, what did the Raſcal ſay, hah?

Nicom. Say, why ſeriouſly I think the Fellow was mad, he had the impudence to ſay that he was your Father, and that your right Name was *Brag*, and that you were the wickedeſt Rakehell in Town ſeriouſly; and then he call'd you a hundred Pimps one after another.

Brag. Intolerable Raſcal!

Nicom. He ſaid he would kick you, ſeriouſly.

Brag. Dog——

Nicom. And when you went into the Coach with my Lady my Wife, if I had not ſtopt him, on my Conſcience he would have come in after you.

Brag. I'll have the Rogue whip'd from *Charing-Croſs* to *Chatham* for this.

Nicom.

Nicom. Nay ſeriouſly, the Fellow ought to be puniſh'd, that's the truth on't; he was as ſaucy as if he had been your Father indeed——Well good-buy, I muſt wait upon my Lady my Wife, to beg leave of her to let me meet ſome Friends at a Bowl of Punch this Afternoon.

Brag. Do ſo; and do you hear Couſin, tell her that I'll be with her Ladyſhip preſently.

Nicom. Ay, but you won't make haſte: prithee dear Captain make haſte now, ſeriouſly ſhe likes your Company mightily, ſhe ſays you are the fineſt Man, and the fitteſt Husband for my Daughter *Moll* in the World. Well, will you make haſte?

Brag. I will, I will, I'll but take t'other turn, and be with her.

Nicom. Seriouſly you'll oblige me extremely then, for I long to be at the Punch-Bowl. [*Exit* Nicompoop.

Brag. How rarely do my Lady and I manage this Fellow! ſhe has kept me this two Years, and I think one of the Princes of *Italy* ſcarce appears in better Equipage. I am naturally impudent, and tho I was formerly of the Black-Guard, yet now being kept well, and aſſiſted by good Rigging, dare thruſt my ſelf daily amongſt People of Quality, and paſs for a Captain amongſt 'em; the misfortune is, that I have a peeviſh ragged damn'd old Father, a poor Granadier, who is eternally diſgracing me before Company; 'twas he, I know by the Style, that gave the late Character of me to my Cuckold: and ſee as the Devil will have it, here he comes, the old Rogue has been dogging me, I lay my Life.

Enter Old Brag, *and goes round him ſtaring at him.*

Old Brag. Your Servant, Sir.

Y. Brag. Yours, Sir.

Old Brag. Do you know me, Sir?

Y. Brag. Yes, yes, I know you well enough.

Old Brag. Oons what a deal of Gold-lace the Son of a Whore has got on's Coat; do you hear, a word with you Friend, am not I your Father, Sir?

Y. Brag. You had beſt ask my Mother, ſhe knows better than I; but what if you are Sir?

Old Brag. Where's your Hat then, you Dog? Raſcal, where's your Reverence Sirrah? what are you too good? [*Strikes off his Hat.*

Y. Brag. My Hat's too good to be ſpoil'd, Sir, and the Feather in't coſt a Guinea.

Old Brag. Did it ſo Sir, and muſt you wear a Feather in your Hat coſt a Guinea, and let your Father be reduc'd to a ſingle Stiver, Sirrah? Come, come, diſburſe, diſburſe; if you would ſave your bones, diſburſe, and quickly, Mony, Mony, Mony, come.

Y. Brag. What a plague you won't rob me, will you ſure? you know the Law.

Old Brag. The Law, here's a Rogue for you, he's for hanging his Father, he; but I'll Law you preſently, here's Law for you you Dog,——Sirrah, diſburſe and quickly—or [*Draws.*

Y. Brag. This old Heathen will make no more of ſpitting me now, than if I were a Rat; and the Devil a penny have I in my Pocket to give him, what a plague ſhall I do?

Old Brag. You have a rampant Lady, I hear, you Rogue, to uphold your Prodigality; you can feaſt upon Wine and Veniſon, when I was fain to dine yeſterday with an honeſt *Dutch* Trooper, a Friend of mine, upon a pickled Herring, you Dog: but come Sirrah, ſince you are kept with a Pox t'ye, let's ſee what Wages her Ladyſhip affords, let's ſee the Cod, come.

Y. Brag. I've ne'er a Souſe upon my faith, Sir.

Old Brag. How, ne'er a Souſe! what then you do my Lady's Drudgery for nothing, do you, Sirrah? A fine Trade indeed, a hopeful Imploy! Had not you better have ſtaid with the Black-ſmith where I put you to Prentice, you prodigal Villain?

Y. Brag. No, I thank you; faith I've an eaſier Forge to work at, and better Company.

Old Brag. Come, I'll try what Company you keep preſently, I'll give you the Teſt Faith, I'll part with the beſt part of my Dinner to treat you for once: come Sirrah,

Sirrah, here's King *William*'s Health.

[*Pulls out a Brandy-bottle, and drinks.*

Y. Brag. O Lord, indeed Sir I never dare drink any Brandy.

Old Brag. Sirrah drink, and quickly, or by this Bottle I'll cut your Throat.

Y. Brag. D'ſheart Sir, you'll undo me, my Lady will ſmell me, and ſhe hates the ſmell of Brandy as ſhe hates the Devil.

Old Brag. You lye you Dog, there's ne'er a Lady of her Party but has a Bottle by her Bed-ſide every night: what a plague, d'ye think I have not heard of their cold Tea?

Y. Brag. D'ſheart, how ſhould he hear of the Ladies cold Tea? 'tis the greateſt ſecret at Court, by this Light.

Old Brag. Come, come, the Health, the Health.

Y. Brag. Why then here's the King's Health; I'll top upon him, as our Party uſe, with a mental Reſervation. [*Aſide.*]—Come, the King's Health, Sir.

Old Brag. What King? What King, Sirrah? ſpeak the words.

Y. Brag ſings. Sir, I drank to the King, and I took it off clean,
And he's but a Fop that asks what King I mean.

Old Brag. A Fop, very well, Sir; in troth y'are in the right, and to quip me better to be one, I think this Hat and Feather would not be amiſs, this Peruke likewiſe is proper, this Coat and Sword likewiſe.

[Old Brag *takes away his Hat and Feather, and Sword and Coat.*

Y. Brag. 'Dſdeath what d'ye mean, Sir?

Old Brag. To make Money of 'em, and drink the King's Health, you Rogue.

Y. Brag. Nay, Father.

Old Brag. Sirrah, ſtir a foot after me, and I'll run my Sword in your Guts; Zooks I've a great mind to the Breeches too; I could flea a Rebel methinks as I would an Eel: but come, this ſhall ſerve at preſent.

But

But d'ye hear, Sirrah, get Money in your pocket againſt the next time to relieve your old Father, or I'll have no more mercy on thee than a ſhe-Tyger has of a Traveller, when her Cubs have had nothing for dinner.

Y. Brag. So, a very pretty buſineſs this; thus am I ſerv'd by this old Raſcal when-ever I refuſe him Money; nay, nor is this all, for the Diſgraces I ſuffer by him vex me more by half.——Meeting me talking with a great Lord in the ſtreet t'other day, Sirrah, ſays he, lend me eighteen pence, for my Stockings want footing, and my Shoes have loſt both their heels; my Lord ſtar'd at him like a ſtuck Pig, and he as much at my Lord, till having diſpatch'd him, I was fain to recover all by ſwearing he was a craz'd old *Edge-Hill* Officer, that I kept upon Charity. Well, this won't do, I muſt ſtudy ſome redreſs, tho I want Courage to beat the old Scoundrel; but firſt to my Lady, to whom I muſt tell ſome damn'd lye or other for a new Hat and Pemke; one hour's ſoft Indearment I know will quip me again.

Tho to the Royal Aid ſhe'll nought diſburſe,
To me ſhe never fails to draw her Purſe.

ACT II. SCENE I.

Enter Old Merriton, *and* Young Merriton.

Old Mer. OH *Will*, well met; when were you laſt at the Boarding-School?

Y. Mer. Yeſterday, Sir.

Old Mer. Then you muſt give me leave to gueſs your buſineſs there; nay, I'll not queſtion you, but only let you ſee a Father's Eye, guided by his Indulgence, ſtill moſt obſerves when it ſeems leaſt to do ſo. What think you of *Mirtilla*? come, ſpeak freely.

Y. Mer. Sir, to diſſemble is a Courtier's Vice, that ne'er intends to do the thing he promis'd: I'll ſpeak my thought

thought as free as Air, I think her the brighteſt Jewel of her Sex, her Vertues ſet in her Beauty are unparallel'd; and like the Jewel of great *Tuſcany*, too rich for all the neighb'ring Kings to buy.

Old Mer. Thou ſpeak'ſt my thoughts; doſt love her, prithee tell me?

Y. Mer. Alas Sir, be not pleaſed to hear my Follies; my Will you know is bounded in your Pleaſure, on your Commands depends my Love or Liking: beſides, tho dreſs'd in Beauty, Wit, and Innocence, I hear ſhe is an Orphan, and unknown, not fit for me to love, that cannot raiſe her to what her worth deſerves.

Old Mer. She may be known hereafter; and not to balk your fancy, Sir, I give you leave to exerciſe your liking, and if you think fit, licenſe you to love her.

Y. Mer. Which I could do, and faithfully, but muſt grieve that my ſmall Fortune——

Old Mer. Do not upbraid me, Son; if my Diſtreſſes have, like Clouds, hung o'er me, and ſo involv'd thee in my ſad Misfortunes, believe me 'tis no fault of mine, but Fate's. That thou deſerv'ſt more I muſt needs confeſs; for tho my Son, thou art to Virtue nearer, Arts ſtill have been thy aim, Wit, Honour, Juſtice, Philoſophy, ſoft Muſick, with all the train of noble Sciences.

Y. Mer. Good Sir, no more, you need not ſhew too nearly how much I am indebted to your Goodneſs.

Old Mer. Thou art not in my debt, but rather I in thine; the Truſt I had in the laſt Reign deceiving me, beggaring my Hopes, makes me but half a Father: I deſerv'd well, and loyal Faith expreſs'd, but Ruin was the word, and I among the reſt.

Y. Mer. Divert the Subject, I beſeech you, Sir.

Old Mer. To the purpoſe then—When didſt thou ſee young *Amorous*?

Y. Mer. To day, Sir; who told me, he was much beholden t'you for a late Plot upon his ſordid Uncle.

Old Mer. 'Tis true, for I muſt own I hate that vicious Fellow more than Cowardice, tho for ſome private Reaſons I ſeem to indulge his Humour; more of that hereafter. I know you are for the Boarding-School this After-

Afternoon, to ſee the fair Forlorn; well, give her my Love, ſhe'll make thee not leſs welcome for't, I'm ſure. —Adieu. [*Exit* Y. Mer.

Old Mer. ſolus.

I have maintained her there this many years unknown to any, and will proceed till Fate make ripe my Project. Young *Amorous* was framing an Intrigue, till I diſcover'd, and diverted him with a ſpecious Plot upon his Uncle to amend his Fortunes; ſhe is not of that mean deſert ſhe ſeems, nor my Son's Love ſo weak as he pretends 'tis: Time muſt ripen all. Here comes Sir *Rowland*, as merry as Wealth and Wickedneſs can make him,—my firſt game is with him, I ſhall go near to daſh his Jollity.

Enter Rakehell.

Rake. Hob, Devotion, art thou there with a pox to thee, and without a Prayer-book in thy hand too? that's a wonder, faith, for thou art as rarely ſeen out of a Church, as I am out of a Tavern; pox on thee, what a dull ſcandalous life doſt thou lead? thou art ſwilling thy belly full of Small-beer Devotion every morning, whilſt I am ſanctifying mine with Sherry, Sugar, and Nutmeg, you old Church-Puppy you.

Old Mer. O rare Sir *Rowland*.

Rake. Right, old *Urim* and *Thummim*, and oh rare Sir *Rowland* it ſhall be; I intend to have it for an Epitaph upon my Tomb as well as *Ben. Johnſon*, for I ſhall have a Name for the beſt of his Qualities. I can drink Sack as well as he, tho I can't write ſo well in the praiſe on't.

Old Mer. To have a name for drinking Sack only, is a wretched Trophy at our years, Sir *Rowland*; methinks you and I ſhould ſtudy to be dignified by our Vertues.

Rake. Vertue! here's a hypocritical old Dog; Gadzooks, name a word more of Vertue to me, and I'll draw upon thee; ſpeak a ſyllable to me of Religion, Morality, Godlineſs, or any of your canting ſtuff, and I'll run my Sword in your guts, you old Orthodox Thief you.

Old Mer. Nay, if you are ſo hot Sir——

Rake.

Rake. Talk of Vertue to me, the blood of the *Rakehells*, you old Pew Pimp! a ſtarving Notion that all the World laughs at, and which the wiſer part of it always abhorr'd. Prithee ask the young cocking Atheiſt how he got his rich Widow with 6000 *l.* a year, and ſee whether he anſwers Vertue; or the illiterate Dunce that can ſcarce ſpell his own Name, whether he got his Place at Court by Vertue; the ſweaty ſplay-foot City Putt, whether he came to be Lord Mayor by Vertue: ask how the Laundreſs came to be a Lady, or the lawleſs Pettifogger a Judge, and ſee if Vertue be the cauſe on't, ye old Church Weeſel, ha, ha, ha.

Old Mer. I think in Reaſon we ought to believe it the Cauſe, whatever you may imagine.

Rake. Reaſon! the Devil take him, he's got next door to Vertue again already: why I tell thee, like an incorrigible Sot as thou art, that Reaſon has nothing to do in the buſineſs neither, the courſe of all human Affairs depends on Deſtiny. Reaſon and Vertue are as uſeleſs drugs as Learning and Poetry; the firſt is diſgrac'd by Knaves, the laſt ruin'd by Fools, and there's Morality for thee, thou old Haſſock.

Old Mer. Tho this be a profligate Raſcal, yet he's in the right in that. [*Aſide.*

Rake. Ha, ha, ha: beſides, I can't forbear laughing faith, to think, for all thy praying and mumbling, what a damn'd Hypocrite thou art: Here do I enjoy an Eſtate of three thouſand a year, by having a young Orphan that was my Ward, kidnap'd to the *Indies*; and thou, for the ſake of two hundred a year, got'ſt it done for me: there was Vertue, ha, ha, there was Vertue.

Old Mer. Well Sir, you need not upbraid me however: You have ſmall Reaſon if you knew all. [*Aſide.*

Rake. Well, well, I won't upbraid thee, ha, ha; I won't upbraid thee, for to tell thee the truth, I think thy Virtue and mine have much the ſame weight; that is, in ſhort, we are Rogues both, and ſo let's like Politicians keep one another's Counſel.

Old Mer. You may gueſs, that for my own part I have no great mind to be hang'd for any Diſcovery of my own;

own; but I've a ſecret to tell you, that ſomewhat troubles me.

Rake. A Secret! prithee what is't, old *Bellarmine*? come let's hear it.

Old Mer. Why 'tis credibly reported, that your Nephew Mr. *Amorous*, that went to travel lately, after having mortgag'd the reſt of his Eſtate to you, has unluckily in the *Indies* met with this very Orphan, made a diſcovery from one of the Ship's Crew that is ſince dead, and has now brought her over with him to claim her Right.

Rake. 'Dſheart thou art not in earneſt, old Pſalm-Book, art?

Old Mer. 'Tis moſt certainly ſo, Sir; I ſaw one of his *Indian* Retinue not half an hour ago in the Street.

Rake. Oons we muſt be impudent, and ſwear bloodily, we muſt not be mealy-mouth'd: hah old *Avy-Mary*, we have poſſeſſion, they ſhall Law and Claw too before they get it:——How now,

Enter a Footman foreignly dreſs'd.

Who would you ſpeak with, Friend?

Foot. Ke zowl mon dingos Baſhteroſh vin draggozeen Ilander gin flounce van dander Scopen.

Rake. Scopen, ay you may Scopen and Slopen long enough with a pox t'you, before I underſtand ye: this Rogue has got the Language of the Devil, and on my Conſcience is come to teach it us inſtead of our *Dutch*: doſt underſtand him, old Surplice? I know thou haſt been a Traveller.

Old Mer. 'Dslife, very well, Sir; he tells you in the Moriſque Tongue, that your Nephew is in the Garden, and deſires to ſpeak with you.

Rake. Gadzooks I ſhall murder the Dog, I ſhall ne'er have patience.

Old Mer. Oh Sir, hear what he ſays, whatever you do: I'll ſtand behind that hedge there, and make remarks—Collimoſh Zwingle gowse Scopen awlin— [*To Footman.*

Foot. Youl, youl——

[*Exit, making an awkard reverence.*

Rake. Youl, youl, the Devil youl ye—Belzebub's own darling dialect, by this light. *Old Mer.*

Old Mer. He comes Sir; I'll retire———

[*Exit* Old Mer.

Rake. Now muſt I ſet my Face, and ſleer upon him, juſt like a Court-depender upon a great Lord, that has newly worm'd him out of his Office, and is too powerful for him to bear; that is, ſalute him civilly, and all the while heartily wiſh him damn'd.

Enter Amorous *dreſs'd like an* Indian.

Amor. Dear Uncle, I am heartily ſorry that my Occaſions could let me no ſooner wait on ye ſince I came to *England*; but aſſure your ſelf my Duty has often made me heartily wiſh to ſee ye———hang'd I mean.

[*Aſide.*

Rake. Oh 'tis very well, 'tis very well, good Nephew; why faith I did not expect ye ſo ſoon, I did not think you could have made your Tour of *India* and the *Mogul*'s Country in twice the time: in my opinion you have made too much haſte home——with a pox t'ee.

[*Aſide.*

Amor. I had ſtay'd longer indeed, had I not return'd to do you a ſmall piece of ſervice, which Sir you ſhall preſently know, and what an Honour and Tenderneſs, dear Uncle, I have for you—— I mean for your Money, ye old Dogbolt——

[*Aſide.*

Rake. To do me ſervice, Nephew; prithee let's hear. How the Son of a Whore looks in that Habit, as if he were engender'd by a *Succubus* upon an *Indian* Witch.—[*Aſide.*] Come good Nephew, prithee let's hear—

[*Flouring.*

Amor. Then in ſhort, Sir, I came home thus ſuddenly, to clear your Reputation.

Rake. My Reputation, ha, ha, ha!———what in th' *Indies?* Prithee Couſin don't make me think thou'rt mad; 'oons I never car'd for't here, Man; and doſt think I value it in the *Mogul*'s Country?—Beſides, I know my Reputation here is as ſecure as any man's.

Amor. Ah Sir, would you could make it out.

Rake. So I will, Sir. I have three thouſand Pounds a year, Fool;——that's Reputation. Set that upon the Exchange againſt any man's Honeſty, and ſee which will buy moſt Cochineal.

Amor. Sir, you han't a groat a year.

Rake. Hey-day, the Fellow's poſſeſt, ſome *Indian* Devil has bewitch'd him.

Amor. Oh you'll find it otherwiſe, Sir: in ſhort then, to keep ye no longer in ſuſpence, the Orphan Heireſs, Daughter to Sir *William Wealthy*, committed to your charge, and ſo ſtrangely loſt about nine years ſince, was lately diſcover'd in the *Indies* by a Sea-Captain upon his death-bed, to whom ſhe was ſold, and is now return'd with me, with intention to claim her Eſtate in your poſſeſſion.

Rake. Pſhaw pſhaw, what Witneſſes, Nephew, what Witneſſes?

Amor. Oh the Devil and all, Sir; the Captain's Kinſman, ſeveral of the Ships Crew that carried her over; beſides a convincing Sign, a Ruby that hung about her Neck with her Father's Coat of Arms upou't.

Old Mer. peeping.] So now the old Raſcal ſweats; work on, work on my Plot, thus far it goes rarely— [*Aſide.*

Rake. Would ſhe had been choak'd with the String on't, before ſhe had come hither to diſcover her Pedegree; d'ſheart I ſhall be hang'd for kidnapping— [*Aſide.*

Amor. Come Sir, I ſee you a little diſturb'd; therefore, as I ſaid before, to let you ſee what a kindneſs I have for your Credit, perhaps upon ſome reaſonable Conſiderations, I may put you in a way, Sir———

Rake. Hold, hold, let me ſee her firſt, and then talk of Conſiderations; I muſt be cunning with the Rogue, there may be a trick in't. [*Aſide.*

Amor. That you ſhall, Sir, to morrow, without fail, and be thorowly convinc'd of all, and what further ſervice I can do ye.

Rake. Very well, and with ſecrecy, good Nephew, d'ye hear? You know your Uncle's Honour is as your own, and ſo farewel for this time, but Proof muſt clear all: for my part I own nothing; if it be thy fortune to oblige me, I'll be as ready to prefer thee,—[*upon the Gallows*—[*Aſide.*] So honeſt Nephew, adieu till to morrow, Ah plague on your *Indian* Voyage! I would I could get ſomebody to murder the Dog— [*Aſide.*

[*Exit* Rakehell.

Enter

Enter Old Merriton.

Amor. Ha, ha, ha, ha, who's here, my Genius, my beſt Friend ———

Old Mer. 'Twas acted rarely.

Amor. Did ye hear us?

Old Mer. Moſt diſtinctly, and doubt not but the Conſequence will be as pleaſant: away, away, I know he's upon the hunt for me, and he muſt not ſee us together. Is not this better now than hankering after a ſilly money-leſs Orphan, with a white Face, and nothing in her Purſe, hah? But hark, I hear him coming; away, away. [*Ex.* Amorous.

Thus your great Wit that long renown'd does paſs,
Is often by a greater made an Aſs.

Re-enter Rakehell *haſtily.*

Well Sir, what news?

Rake. Why all the news that I know is, that thou art to be hang'd like an ignorant praying kidnapping Raſcal, as thou art.

Old Mer. Hang'd, Sir!

Rake. Yes, hang'd Sir; and a pox on thee, nothing vexes me but I am to keep that Apocryphal Face of thine Company: all's out, we are diſcover'd with a vengeance; this is your truſting your Sea-Captain, with a murrain t'ye. You may remember, Dog-fiſh, that I adviſ'd ye to knock her in the head, like a diſcreet Perſon as I was.

Old Mer. Faith I could not in Conſcience kill the pretty Creature, that's the truth on't.

Rake. A Plague o' your Conſcience, muſt I be hang'd for your confounded Conſcience, muſt I? you had Conſcience enough to ſwallow two hundred Pound a year for kidnapping; ne'er keckt at that, you old pew-pimping Raſcal.

Old Mer. Nay then, ſince you provoke me, know, the Raſcal is in the inſide of your own Hide; and you lye, I ne'er receiv'd a Groat on ſuch a damn'd Attempt.

Rake. What, art mad, where is't then? a pox where is't?

Old Mer. Manag'd, till the Deceiver I deceive,
And thou art hang'd by a ſtrong Rope I weave.
[*Exit.*

Rake. What a Devil does he mean? gad I believe the grave Fool's brain's crackt thro mere fear, as it generally happens to theſe ſober praying Coxcombs with clodded Brains and no Genius: the Rogue has a hank upon me, I muſt not fall out with him; however, I'll ſend for him preſently to the Tavern, and if I can make him drunk there,

I'll leave all Fate's Tranſactions for to morrow,
And with full Bumpers tope away all Sorrow.
[*Exit.*

Enter Nicompoop, *meeting* Tearſhift.

Nicom. O Mrs. *Tearſhift*, your humble Servant; pray where may I find my Lady my Wife? I have been looking all about the Garden, and han't the honour to meet her ſeriouſly.

Tear. O rare Mr. *Deputy*, there's Rods in piſs for you i'faith.

Nicom. Nay prithee, dear Mrs. *Tearſhift*, don't fright me now; ſeriouſly I ſtay'd but half an hour longer than I promis'd: I hope my Lady my Wife is not angry, for I could not help it ſeriouſly.

Tear. Oh fy, your Gills look as red as a Turkey-Cock's; you are as fluſter'd as a Non-Con Preacher at a Siſter's Wedding. She'll be in a violent Paſſion when ſhe ſees ye, and you know (like a ſilly man as you are) you are nothing in her hands when ſhe's in a paſſion.

Nicom. That's true ſeriouſly; but have I no friend with her, that can hold her tack, and rail againſt the Government, whilſt I go and cool a little?

Tear. Yes, there's the Captain with her, as it happens: well, take it from me you are extremely oblig'd to that Man, he has held her tack upon your account, more than once, to my knowledge.

Nicom. Ah, the Captain's a very honeſt Gentleman.

Tear. See yonder they are coming down the Walk together; Come, come in, and waſh your Face and Hands, and comb your Head, and ſmug up your ſelf a little.

Nicom.

Nicom. With all my heart, dear Mrs. *Tearſhift*; for if ſhe ſhould fall into a paſſion, I were a loſt man ſeriouſly. [*Exit in haſte.*

Enter Y. Brag *new equipt, and Lady* Addleplot *dreſs'd flauntingly; and 2 Footmen.*

L. Addle. Captain———

Y. Brag. ———Madam,———

L. Addle. Did you viſit all our loyal Friends in *Newgate* this morning, according to my order?

Y. Brag. Yes Madam, I was there a great while, I ſat at the Treaſon-table there above an hour; they're all pretty hearty, they eat and drink well, Madam, only a little louſy ſome of 'em.

L. Addle. Ay, that's nothing, Loyalty and Lice are concomitant; and did you take care to preſent my humble Service to that worthy Perſon that bid the Government kiſs his britch—and tell him that I would do my ſelf the honour to ſup with him to night?

Y. Brag. Yes Madam, and for which he humbly thank'd your Ladyſhip, but ſends ye word, that he is to be engag'd.

L. Addle. What, he's crouded by our Party, I warrant.

Y. Brag. No, faith Madam, he was crouded another way, for he was juſt going into the Cart to be hang'd.

L. Addle. Codſoe, that was engaging him indeed—and did they hang that brave Fellow? Well, there will a time come I hope—when we ſhall hang in our turn too.

Enter Tearſhift.

How now *Tearſhift*, who's that within there?

Tear. Mr. *Deputy*, Madam, who being raſhly coming before you with a dirty Face and Hands, I reprimanded, and turn'd back to mundefy.

L. Addle. Let him be lock'd into the Garret, d'ye hear, as formerly, and allow'd no Meat till my order: what! the Brute is fuſter'd, I warrant.

Tear. He has drank a little too much indeed, Madam.

L. Addle. He ſhan't eat theſe three Days: fogh, the very thought of him gives me the Vapours; prithee

give me my Spirit of Hartſhorn. Captain, your Arm a little, ſtand up ſtrongly, ye fribling Fool; o' my Conſcience the Fellow begins to bend in the Hams already.

Y. Brag. Who I, Madam! gad y' are miſtaken, I'm as ſtrong as a Horſe.

L. Addle. Ye lye ye Fool; a Horſe! ye lye ye Jackanapes: you ſhew'd your Strength finely laſt Night, when you were robb'd, and loſt your Hat and Peruke.

Y. Brag. What Man could do, I did; but to have eight Rogues upon me at once, Madam, was a little hard.

Tear. Indeed, Madam, the Captain got well off as he did; for had they ſtript him, Lord bleſs us, they might have damag'd his Out-works extremely.

L. Addle. Well Sir, you ſee I have quip'd ye agen, and pray let me find your Services anſwerable; all Ladies of my humour require to be ſerv'd well.

Y. Brag. I am thy *Adonis*, my bright *Citherea*, always ready and perpetually devoted to thy Command.

Tear. And well ſaid, Captain, in troth.

L. Addle. Well Sir, there's ſomething t'encourage ye, and I give you leave to frequent the Coffee-houſe [*Gives him a Purſe.*
and Tavern now and then, provided you rail ſtiffly againſt the Government, and are ſure to cry up me.

[Brag *kiſſes her Hand.*

Y. Brag. Madam, that's every Day my whole Buſineſs: you are thought the very Heart of the grumbling Faction, and the greateſt Politician in the Town; the famous Lady *Addleplot*'s Name is in every one's Mouth, from the Secretary of State, down to the Seller of Pippins.

Tear. Your Ladyſhip is thought a moſt admirable States-woman, I muſt needs ſay.

L. Addle. Nay, I thank my Stars the Ladies ſtick cloſe to me; the good Women are moſt of 'em of my ſide, I thank 'em, eſpecially the merry Grigs that will drink a Bottle, all thoſe are moſt conſcientiouſly loyal, and do great good: beſides, I expect a ſwinging Riſing in

in *Kent* ſuddenly, and then we ſhall ſegue theſe Rebels.—My Lady *Stroddle* and I intend to go and head 'em, we have bought our Fuzees and Jack-boots already.

Tear. Oh Madam, here's the fine *French* Gentleman coming, that is ſuch rare Company, that ſings and dances, and will let no one talk but himſelf.

Enter Le Prate *and* Nicompoop.

Brag. And with him, Mr. *Deputy* new-waſh'd and tallow'd; Lord, how Matrimony looks, Madam!

Le Prat. Madam, I vas impatient till I vas come to kiſs your Ladyſhip's fair Hand.

L. Addle. Your Servant, good Monſieur.

Le Prat. Your Servant Sire, and your moſt humble, pret Metreſſe Teare the Sheet. Madam, I muſt beg your Ladyſhip's Pardon, dat I have oblige a my ſelf to make reconciliation berween your Ladyſhip and Monſieur *Nicompoop* here, who is ver ſorry for diſappointing your Ladyſhip, and deſire me to intercede for him.

L. Addle. He's a pitiful fumbling Fellow, 'tis impoſſible for him to do otherwiſe than diſappoint a Lady.

(*Get you into the Garret, to* Nicompoop.

Le Prat. Nay, Madam, I beſeech your Ladyſhip.

L. Addle. Alas Monſieur, you are ignorant of his Crime; I had at leaſt ſix hundred Letters to finiſh, and ſhould have ſent him to as many Places with 'em; and to have a Sot to dare to balk me in State-Affairs, Sir I'll make him know that I'll have the Blood of him that ſhall balk me— (*Into the Garret, I ſay.*

Nicom. Lord, ſhe's bloody angry, what ſhall I do?

Le Prat. Dat is ver great Fault; but dear Madam, hear a me ſpeak.

L. Addle. A little fribling Cit that I have married, and affronted my own Quality to do him Honour, to dare to be abſent when I had Buſineſs for him.

Le Prat. I beſeech your Ladyſhip, look he is dere upon his Knee.

L. Addle. A frigid Fop, that I have taken as much Pains withal to make a Man, as ever my firſt Husband,

Sir

Sir *Arthur Addleplot*, did to make me a Woman—

(*Strikes her Fan on her Hand paſſionately.*

Nicom. Ah dear Captain, you have an Intereſt in her, here's an Oriental Pearl, pray try if that will qualify.

Brag. Madam, the penitent Offender offers Tribute, a Mediator from the *Indies* kiſſes your fair Hand.

L. Addle. Ay, the Fool imagines this will do now; and truly I think Pearls are good againſt the Spleen.—— But a careleſs Fellow——d'ſlife to neglect my Negotiation, I can hardly paſs it o'er; but for your ſake, Couſin, for once I deign to accept his Trifle: but if ever he balk me again, if there be a Cuckold in the Nation, you underſtand me Friend.

Nicom. I do, I do, and am overjoy'd that we are Friends ſeriouſly.

Tear. This was manag'd rarely well; I vow my Lady's a Woman of admirable Parts.

Le Prat. Soe dis is ver well, all Friends, all Friends; and Monſieur, let me tell you entre nous, it will be ver reaſonable for you hereafter to watch her Ladyſhip's Motions better, you have de ver great Honour in her Converſation, I tell you dat.

Nicom. I have ſo ſeriouſly; and could even weep for Joy that we are reconcil'd.

Le Prat. She's the grand Wit of all our Party, and ſo admir'd in *France*, dat I believe our great Monarch will in a little time make her Preſident of his Council begar.

L. Addle. Oh dear Monſieur, indeed you honour me too much; but I know you have all the Secret from the Party, and pray what News laſt Night, Monſieur? when ſhall we have ſome Sport? when will the *French* Fleet come to an Anchor? ha.

Le Prat. Ah garzoon, I forgot to tell your Ladyſhip, dey are come already.

L. Addle. Are they come! Codſoe that's rare; I'll have a Bonefire as big as a Steeple; have they landed? hah.

Le Prat. Morbleau twenty towſand at leaſt, brave valiant Fellows, with Reſolution like Lions. Dey have

ſcare

ſcare all the Country round, they have burn two tre fowr of de antient lofty noble Thatch Cottage, morbleau, dat ever was ſeen.

L. Addle. Rare News; *Tearſhift*, get ready my Jackboots.

Le Prat. Dey have attaque de Enimys Intrenchement, and have taken two or three hundred of the boldeſt, fatteſt, braveſt——

L. Addle. Priſoners, humh, Priſoners.

Le Prat. Sheep, Madam, Sheep; my Country-men always take more Sheep den Priſoner; dey are of better uſe, by muſh.

Enter Tearſhift.

Tear. Madam, here's a Meſſenger come from the Boarding-School, to invite your Ladyſhip to the Ball, and to ſee your Ladyſhip's Daughter dance her new Chacoone.

L. Addle. Oh with all my Heart; come Gentlemen, we'll all go; this News has made me ſo pleaſant, codſoe I could dance my ſelf.

Nicom. And there we ſhall ſee my Daughter *Moll* dance too, who tho ſhe does not dance ſo well, Couſin, as her Ladyſhip's Daughter, yet tho I ſay't——

Brag. Who? that's my Wife that muſt be.

Nicom. As my Lady Wife pleaſes, Couſin. *Moll* has 6000 *l.*

Brag. Ay, that's well enough.

Le Prat. Come, Madam, allons.

[*Goes to take Lady* Addleplot's *Hand, and* Brag *takes her away from him.*

Brag. Will your Ladyſhip pleaſe to walk?

Le Prat. Pox on your damn'd *Engliſh* Breeding.

L. Addle. Two hundred Sheep; well, I ſwear this *French* Monarch is a prodigious Conqueror. [*Exeunt.*

BIBLIOTHECA BODLEIANA

SCENE

SCENE II.

The Boarding-School discovers Semibrief *teaching Miss* Molly *to sing.*

Enter Young Merriton, Coopee, *and* Jenny *dreſt in a Bib and Apron, a prick'd Song in one Hand, and a great Piece of Bread and Butter in t'other.*

Coopee. Take heed your Actions don't diſcover ye—you are here taken for a Dancing-Maſter.

[*To Young* Merriton.

Y. Mer. I'll warrant ye, and if thou canſt but bring me into the dear Creature's Apartment, all my remaining time of Life ſhall ſtudy to requite the Obligation.

Coopee. Not a Word more, let me alone, follow me.

[*Exeunt.*

Semib. The Song I'll teach in the Afternoon; in the mean time, Miſs, practiſe the Trill: Come, au ha au ha au ah au ah—— [*Trills.*

Molly. Aw aw aw aw aw—— [*Trills aukardly.*

Semib. A plague! what with your Mouth full of Bread and Butter?—for ſhame empty your Chops *Miſs*, there's a Trill for the Devil, ſee me here, au ha au ha au—

Molly. Aw aw aw aw——hum——

[*Bites another Piece.*

Semib. So, ſhe has got her Mouth full again: Well Miſs *Molly*, but that I love you very well, I aſſure ye I would not endure this: pray lay by the Bread and Butter, and practiſe the Trill. I'll ſtep into the next Room, and teach a little, and be here again preſently.—— [*Exit.*

Molly. Aw aw aw aw aw aw, hum hum——

[*Trills and bites together.*

Here

Here Coopee *re-enters, and ſings this Song to the Minute that he is dancing with* Jenny.

I.

MAke your Honours Miſs, *tholl loll loll;*
Now to me, Child, tholl loll loll:
Airy and eaſy now, tholl loll loll;
Very well done Miſs, *tholl loll loll.*
Raiſe up your Body, Child, tholl loll,
Then you, in time, will riſe, hoh tholl la.

II.

Hold up your Head Miſs, *tholl loll loll,*
Wipe your Noſe, Child, tholl loll;
When I preſs on ye, tholl loll loll,
Fall back eaſy Miſs, *tholl loll loll.*
Keep out your Toes too, tholl loll loll;
Then you'll learn preſently, hoh tholl la.

III.

Bear your Hips ſwimmingly, tholl loll loll;
Keep your Eyes languiſhing, tholl loll loll.
Zoons, where's your Ears now? tholl loll loll;
Leave off your Jerking, tholl loll loll.
Keep your Knees open, tholl loll loll,
Elſe you will never do, ho tholl la.

IV.

If you will love me Miſs, *tholl loll loll,*
You ſhall dance rarely Child, tholl loll loll.
You are a Fortune Miſs, *tholl loll loll,*
And muſt be married, Child, tholl loll loll.
Give me your Money Miſs, *tholl loll loll,*
Then I will give you my, hoh tholl la.

Jenny. Oh dear Mr. *Coopee*, indeed I love you very well, and will do any thing you'd have; but pray let me go now, for I'm ſo hungry——— [*Runs out.*

Coopee. The poor little Tit's as coming as Heart can wiſh; I'm reſolv'd to ſnap her, for I hear ſhe's a Fortune, and worth while.

Enter Crowſtich.

Crow. Jane, let the Buck-basket be got ready for the foul Clothes, d'ye hear? and bid the Landreſs take care

to

to mend all the Shifts; these great romping Girls do so tear their Linen, it almost makes me wild.

Coopee. Your Servant, Mrs. *Crowstich.*

Crow. How d'ye Mr. *Coopee?* and d'ye hear, bid the Cook-maid cut a hundred and fifty pieces of Bread and Butter round the Loaf; these Hoyden Tits have plaguy Stomachs.

Coopee. What, is it breakfast-time with 'em already then?

Crow. Always at Nine a Clock, and they watch the Hour as warily—as a Parson does his Glass when he is tired with preaching; this is their Bread and Butter-days, and each of 'em has a full half-yard by Measure, of which if there were but an Inch wanting, the greedy things will cry they are half-starv'd, and complain to their Parents.

Molly. Aw aw aw aw aw aw aw hum——

[*Trills, bites, and romps about.*

Crow. There's one now, I vow and swear, Mr. *Coopee*, I am quite tir'd with that Romp there. Coming down Stairs this Morning, what do you think I saw, I protest that great Bear there getting astride upon *John* the Gardener's Back, as he was stooping down to gather a Sallet.

Coopee. Ha ha ha ha— [*Exit* Coopee.

Molly. What if I did? what then? what need you care? pray—aw aw. [Molly *romps about.*

Crow. But i'faith Gentlewoman, you shall be well slash'd for't, the Governess has a clawing Rod a making.— [*Claps her Hand, and Exit.*

Molly. Aw aw aw aw aw aw——

[*Makes Mouths at her.*

Enter Jenny *with a large piece of Bread and Butter.*

Jenny. Oh Sister, What did *John* the Gardener do to you, pray? oh law, oh law—

Molly. What's that to you, long Nose? oh law, oh law.

Jenny. My Governess will order ye she vows, and I'll tell my Mother on ye I'm resolv'd, she'll be here this Afternoon.

Molly.

Molly. And I'll tell my Father then how you peep'd upon Mr. *Coopee* t'other Day, when he was going a ſwimming. [*Romps and puſhes her.*

Jenny. Ay, tell tell, Snotty-Noſe, what care I, my Mother can order you, and my Father both pray; beſides, Huſſy, you peep'd as well as I, that you did. [*Puſhes her.*

Molly. Go, go Baby, and make Dirt-pyes again; my Father ſays, I ſhall have a Husband ſhortly, pray.

Jenny. You,—my Mother will bring me a tall huge Husband home next Week; and methinks I long for a tall huge Husband; and I am to leave off my Bib and Apron too. [*Bites her Bread and Butter.* The Maids won't lie with you; you do, I know what, a Bed.

Molly. Oh law, that's a great lye, and I'll tear your Eyes out.

Jenny. Huſſy, I'll pull your Head off. [*Throws her Bread and Butter.*

Molly. You ſhan't think to tell ſuch Lyes on me, to make Mr. *Semibrief* hate me; I'll tear ye alive firſt. [*They pull and hale one another.*

Enter Crowſtich *with a great Rod.*

Crow. Rare work indeed! Come, Gentlewoman, the Governeſs would ſpeak with ye.

Molly. Oh, oh, oh— [*Howls out.*

[*Leads her out.*

Jenny. So, I'm glad on't ivads, ſhe'll be laſh'd ſwingingly. [*Romps off another way.*

ACT III. SCENE I.

Enter Young Merriton, Mirtilla, *and* Coopee.

Coope. I'LL go and act a Centry without; and if any body comes this way, ſhoot off my Piece, and give ye warning.

Y. Mer. Ah dear Rogue, I'm oblig'd to thee for ever. [*Exit* Coopee.

Mirtill. The Reverence I have to the very Name of my worthy Foſter-Father Mr. *Merriton*, to whom you ſay you are related, and to whoſe Virtue I ſtand indebted for all the Comforts of this Life, makes me ſubmit my ſelf with more willingneſs to this your Importunity; elſe, Sir, believe me, I ſhould think this lonely Viſit very improper, and not at all concurring with my Honour.

Y. Mer. Your Honour is a thing I would defend againſt a world of Enemies; then think not that I would willingly do any thing to blaſt it. I know this private Viſit may be cenſur'd, but not whilſt 'tis a Secret, as 'tis now; I had no other way to expreſs my Love, and not to have done it, would have made me miſerable.

Mirtill. You imagine, Sir, that my Soul is muſical, and therefore treat me with that tuneful Word; but build not, Sir, too much upon my Weakneſs: for tho my Heart is tender and unartful, and Love a Bait moſt proper to deceive me, yet Virtue is a Guard.

Y. Mer. There needs no Guard, ſweet Angel, againſt a Love ſo honourable as mine; the World is full of Treachery, and our Sex are brooding Miſchiefs daily againſt yours: but I, alas, am of another Mould; my Soul, by Fate, was deſign'd for your Slave; my Heart ſtill moves the narrow conſtant Road, in hopes, in yours, to find at laſt its Heaven.

Mirtill. Oh! that bewitching Tongue would charm a Saint. [*Aſide.*

You are not of the humour of the Town then. [*To him.*

Y. Mer. I hate the Town, and the vain Crouds are in it; the biaſs'd Court and mercenary City are gorg'd with Ignorance and Luxury: Wit is diſgrac'd, the Sciences deſpis'd, and modeſt Merit mourns in Rags its Fortune: 'tis the Epitome of the nauſeous World, whoſe Vices I with ſuch fell Hate purſue, that I love nothing near the Town but you.

Mirtill. In loving me, you doubly wrong your ſelf; I have, Sir, not power to make return.

Y. Mer.

Y. Mer. Your Heart is ſure your own.

Mirtill. Moſt certainly: but where I give a Heart, I'd give a Fortune, and that, alas! my niggard Stars deny me: yet think not that I neglect an honeſt Love; for to ſlight Merit were a Baſeneſs in me. No, you ſhall find Worth has a Friend of me, and ſhares my beſt Acknowledgments and Praiſe. You are a Man compleat by Heaven and Nature, moſt qualify'd with Wit and rareſt Arts, which from my Soul I always lov'd and honour'd; and therefore ſhe that gains you muſt be happy: but I, whilſt ſtinted by injurious Fate, can bring no equal Value, therefore muſt think ye a Jewel much too rich for me to wear.

Y. Mer. How near to Heaven's my preſent Joy, from that ſweet Mouth to hear my ſelf thus prais'd? Oh thou dear Source of all my worldly Bleſſings! eternal Rapture charms me from thy Tongue; and, whilſt I hear thee, I am deify'd: to loſe thee, were Damnation ſo infallible, I queſtion whether there could be a greater.

[*Kneels and embraces her.*

Mirtil. Nay, riſe Sir, or you'll make me die with Bluſhing.

Y. Mer. Ah! make me happy then, and give conſent.

Mirtill. To what?

Y. Mer. To Marriage; to perform, ſweet Angel, that bleſſed Work thou wert created for.

Mirtill. Ah! Poverty and Marriage never ſuit.

Y. Mer. Thou haſt all *Craſus*'s Treaſure in thy Virtues, and I in gaining thee ſhall be far richer.

Mirtill. You think ſo now; but when Wants make me troubleſome, then you'l upbraid and chide me.

Y. Mer. Ah, never, never! Can I chide my Genius for making my Days happy?

Mirtill. I can be conſtant, Sir; therefore have patience, Fortune may change, and give to one or t'other the Power to oblige.

Y. Mer. Ah curſed Fortune! ſtill to Juſtice blind;
Averſe to Merit, but to Ideots kind:
Thou Miſer's Darling, and Trifle of the Brave,
Niggard to the Poor, but to the Rich a Slave;
How nicely happy all Mankind would be,

Thou nauſeous Common-Whore, wert not for thee? How now——

Enter Coopee *haſtily.*

Coopee. Come, come, give him your hand quickly; here's *Crowſtich* the Teacher coming, you muſt dance for your Liberty now, Sir.

Enter Crowſtich, *with a Night-rayle.*

Crow. Madam, pray do's this Implement belong to you, or to *Miſs Scatterwater?* Yonder Laundry Wench will face me down, that——Bleſs me, who's here? [*Sees* Mer.] how now Mr. *Semibrief*——who's that there in the Lady's Quarters? [*Folds up the Shift haſtily.*

Coopee. A Brother Hop-Merchant of mine, Mrs. *Crowſtich*, that I brought here to help to teach a little, having a lame Leg. [Mer. *halts, and dances awkardly.*

Crow. Come, come, you'll be wanted now in the Dancing-Room; there's my Lady *Addleplot* come already, and a great deal of good Company.

Coopee. Odſoe we muſt make haſte then; for there's to be ſinging, beſides the Entertainment of a young *Indian* Lady, a new Boarder that is to dance.

Mirtil. Sir, you'll remember to teach me the new Chacune. [*Smiling on* Merrit.

Y. Mer. Any thing that's mine. Madam. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *The Dancing-Room.*

In the Front appear ſeveral of the Boarders, as ſeated for the Ball; and on the ſide of the Stage others ſitting as Spectators; among the reſt Lady Addleplot, Tearſhift, *Lady* Stroddle, *and other Ladies; and on the middle of the Stage* Le Prate, Y. Brag, *and* Semibrief.

Le Prate. Ah Jernie, vat a filthy place is this, when compare vid our School in *France?* no Decorum, no Ornament, no Freſco; begar methink it ſtink alike a de Kitchin of de Lord Mawor——or the hold of a Ship begar.

Semib. Ah Sir, our Noſes are not ſo nice here in *England.*

Le Prat.

Le Prate. Dat is as much as ſay, you are all Sloven in *England*; gazoon, your Jantee *French* Dancing-Maſter all wear Perfume, and cover them all over, vid rare Pulvile to take away de nauſeous ill Ayre.——Ugh——ugh,——oh fogh, 'tis intolerable.

Enter Crowſtich *with Miſs* Jenny, *holding a Waxwork Baby in a Glaſs*; Mirtilla, Y. Merriton, *and* Coopee—*Miſs* Jenny *asks Bleſſing.*

L. Addle. Bleſs ye, bleſs my good Child, and make her a good Woman, and the Mother of many Children: I think ſhe's grown ſince I ſaw her laſt, Mrs. *Crowſtich.*

Crow. Mightily, Madam, mightily; would ſhe would grow in Grace as much.

L. Addle. Lord ſave her, pretty Moppet; hold up your Head, *Jenny*, and go and make a Court'ſy to my Lady *Stroddle.*——

L. Strod. Your Servant, pretty *Miſs*—Indeed Madam, [*Kiſſes her*] as your Ladyſhip ſays, ſhe's grown extremely. *Miſs*, you are almoſt fit for a Husband already; hah Child.

Miſs Jen. Hoh, hoh, hoh, hoh——

[*Laughs, and makes a Court'ſy ridiculouſly.*

Crow. Fye *Miſs Jenny*, where are your Hands now? have I not told ye, you muſt remember to put 'em thus always, when you make a Court'ſy?

[*Miſs court'ſys again.*

L. Addle. That's my good Girl; *Monſieur Le Prate*, and Couſin *Bouncer*, you don't ſee *Miſs* and her fine Work here.

Le Prate. Madam, I beg your Ladyſhip's pardon, and I am your moſt obedient Slave, pret *Miſs.*——

[*Kiſſes her, and ſhe court'ſys.*

Y. Brag. Dear ſweet pretty Creature, your's.——

[*Kiſſes her.*

L. Strod. Well, I vow Madam, theſe Nudities are very ingenious; the Child is extravagantly well bred.

Le Prate. Monſieur *Coopee*, a word with you.

[Prate *goes aſide, and makes motions as if dancing.*

Semb. Here comes the t'other Romp that I told ye was ſo fond of me; I have hopes of getting her, for they ſay ſhe's a ſwinging Fortune.

Enter Nicompoop *and* Molly.

Y. Mer. Which on my Conſcience will be no hard matter for thee to compaſs.

Semib. I hope ſo, I'll try.———

Nicom. Come *Molly*, wipe thy eyes, Child, I'll take thee away from 'em to morrow; they ſhall whip thee no more ſeriouſly——— [*Weeps.*

Mol. Ugh, ugh, ugh, ugh— [*Sobs, and makes faces.*

Nicom. Go and ask my Lady my Wife Bleſſing, and then come to me again, d'ye hear *Molly*?—that's a good Girl.

Y. Brag. This is my Wife that is to be, if my Lady can bubble the old Cuckold to give conſent: d'ſheart, what ſhall I do with it? 'tis a mere Baby.

[Molly *goes and asks Bleſſing, and then riſes up and runs to her Father.*

L. Addle. Fogh, my Lady *Stroddle*, did your Ladyſhip ever ſee ſuch a nauſeous thing? 'tis ſo like the Father.

L. Strod. Her Face has Mr. *Deputy*'s clumſy Cut indeed, Madam.

Le Prate. All dis, Monſieur *Coopee*, I can ſhew you in leſs time den one half hour—tah tah—I have two tre hundre of de moſt admirable *French* ſtep—hark you me, I will tell a you in four words.

Coopee. Four words, Sir; you have ſpoke above four thouſand in leſs than a minute. I can hear no more, I muſt beg your Pardon, I muſt go teach.

[*Goes out from him.*

Le Prate. Monſieur *Merriton*, did you ever ſee ſuch a dam *Engliſh* Puppy? I tell you vat Sir.

[Le Prate *makes motions as in earneſt Diſcourſe.*

Y. Mer. And briefly too, Sir, or elſe———

Y. Brag. And did the Governeſs whip her, ſay ye Sir? Why this is barbarous; but yet I ſee ſhe's pretty brisk for all her jerking.

Nicom. Brisk, nay the Girl is mettle to the back ſeriouſly; but I'll take her away to morrow, I'm reſolv'd, they ſhall jerk no Child of mine: if it muſt be done, I'll have the jerking her my ſelf.

Y. Brag. Well ſaid, Mr. *Deputy*, 'ds'heart what a thing of a Spouſe ſhall I have?

Enter

Enter Coopee *with Guittars.*

Jenny. Oh here's dear Mr. *Coopee.*—Sir, your moſt humble Servant.

Coopee. Yours dear Miſs; I have brought your Guittar here, and harkye, you'll be ſure to be ready to morrow to get out as we have contriv'd.

Jenny. Yes I warrant ye, and you ſhall ſee I'll do it cunningly. [*Aſide.*

L. Addle. Oh *Jenny* has got her Guittar; pray look upon her, Madam, there's an Ayre, there's a Shape, there's an ingenious Look; fogh, t'other aukward Romp makes me ſick.

Le Prate. The deevil take a me, if in the ſpace of half an hour, Monſieur *Merriton*, I would not have tell a dat ignorant *Engliſh* Puppy all dis; and hark you I will tell you one ting more———

Y. Mer. No more *Monſieur*, not a word upon my faith, I am almoſt deaf already; beſides, I muſt ſee the Dance. [*Flings away from him.*

Le Prate. Dis is ver ſtrange, dey vill no hear me ſpeak begar.

Here the Romps perform a ridiculous Dance, with Guittars out of Tune.

L. Addle. Very fine, upon my Honour, thoſe Guittars agree with the Dance admirably——hold up your Head, *Jenny.*

L. Strod. And give 'em a delicate Ayre, Madam; oh 'tis extreme fine.

Y. Mer. The Devil it is, gad a half-Tub ſtrung with Packthread is better Muſick by half.

Enter Jiltall *in an* Indian *Habit, and* Oyley.

Le Prate. Zoon who is dis? I ſee my dear ſweet pret Metreſſe *Betty* in diſguiſe; I muſt know vat dis mean. [*Goes and whiſpers* Oyley.

Y. Mer. Oh yonder's the Sham-*Indian* Heireſs; the Rogue *Amorous* I ſee has dreſt her rarely.

Here Jiltall *dances.*

Then the Scene ſhuts out the reſt.

Le Prate. Jernie Metreſſe *Oyley*, you raviſh me to tell me dat your Lady came in diſguiſe to entertain me.

Oyley. 'Tis moſt certainly ſo Sir, you are moſt extremely in her favour; this was a fit of Jealouſy in her to find what Lady you hanker'd after:——I find the Fool has money now. [*Aſide.*

Le Prate. Jealouſy begar is as true ſign of Love as huffing is of Cowardice; ah garzoon I languiſh, I die for her. Dear Metreſſe *Oyley*, can you tink I may enter de fort of her Favour for one hundred Guinea?

Oyley. A hundred Guineas! ay, any Fort in Chriſtendom, *Monſieur*, aſſure your ſelf.

Le Prate. Begar here dey are den; but where, how ſhall I kiſs her fair Hand, dear ſweet charming Metreſſe *Oyley?* [*Shews a Purſe.*

Oyley. The *Frenchman*'s as hot as if he were bombing a Fort in good earneſt——Well, have patience a little, *Monſieur*, and by and by——I'll bring you a Note——for your Money you *French* Fool. [*Aſide.*

Le Prate. Aw I underſtand a you——mum——

L. Strod. The Captain has a great many taking Qualities, I perceive, Madam. Pray, Sir, what Countryman are ye?

Y. Brag. If I ſhould ſpeak truth now, and tell her, my Mother was a Sinderwench, and that I was whelp'd in the *Mews* Dunghil, how my Lady will be ſurpriz'd! [*Aſide.*] Madam, my native Country was *Arabia Felix*; my Father was a very near Relation to *Preſter John*; The *Bouncers* of *Africa* are the antient'ſt Family in the World. Madam, for my own part, thirſting after Glory, I left my Country to aſſiſt at the late memorable Siege of *Buda*; where I ſtood upon the Breach, juſt by the Governour, at the ſtorming of the Town. I ſaw him fall, and narrowly ſcap'd my ſelf: after which action, acquainting my ſelf with a famous *Engliſh* Officer, one Colonel *Brag*, I came over hither, where I ſoon learnt the Language, and had the honour to ingratiate my ſelf with her moſt noble Ladyſhip.

Le Prate. Oh dat is certain, de *Bounſers* be ver great Family in *France* too.

[Oyley *comes and gives* Le Prate *a Note in an Orange.*

Y. Mer. The Lyers indeed are a great Family all the World over: now, rather than not prate at all with that *French* Fool, join with t'other in his monſtrous vanity. [*To* Coopee.

Coopee. If he's neither ſinging, dancing, nor prating, you may conclude a *Frenchman* dead at any time.

Enter Nicompoop, *and* Molly *crying.*

Nicom. Oh Couſin, as I was ſtanding at the door, juſt now, who ſhould come but that old ſaucy Granadeer, who had the Impudence to affront ye ſo yeſterday! I told him you are within here, and that you would have him whipt; and ſeriouſly, what does the old Raſcal do, but gave me a huge Box o'th' Ear, call'd you a thouſand Sons of Whores, kickt *Molly*, beat two of my Lady's Footmen that took my part, and is juſt now forcing his way in hither ſeriouſly, O Lord!

Y. Brag. D'ſheart, what ſhall I do? this is my old Dog of a Father, now ſhall I be diſgrac'd for ever.

Enter Old Brag *fighting with two Footmen.* Y. Merriton *and* Le Prate *part 'em.*

Le Prate. Jernie—vat is the meaning of dis ſa, ſa, vat a Plague do you do?

Old Brag. Let me go, and I'll beat the Rogues into Paſte.

Y. Brag. What's the matter, Friend?

Old Brag. Oh! are you there Sirrah? [*Runs to* Y. Brag.

What, you threat to have me whipt, d'ye? you prodigal Son of a Whore—Harkye Dogbolt, who am I? hah!

Y. Brag. The Devil, I think: I'm ſure y'are as great a Plague to me. [*Aſide.*

I muſt face him down with Impudence; there's no way elſe.—What art thou mad, old Fellow? Who wouldſt thou ſpeak with? hah!

Old Brag. Mad old Fellow, here's an impudent Raſcal; What, you have forgot me, Rogue, have ye! but I'll rub up your Memory preſently.

[*Offers to draw,* Merrit. *holds him.*

Y. Mer. Why how now, old Armour of Proof? De'e know to whom you give this Langurge? the Gentleman's a Captain. *Old Brag.*

Old Brag. Why let him be a Colonel, he's my Son, and I'll call him as many Rogues and Raſcals as I pleaſe.

Y. Brag. Would I had been the Son of a Coach-Horſe. [*Aſide.*

Y. Mer. Thy Son, hah, hah, hah, this is pleaſant i'faith; art thou the Stock of the antient Family of the *Bouncers* of *Africa*? ha, ha, ha, ha, ha——

Le Prate. De Fellow has not bin bred in *France*, dat I'm ſure.

Y. Brag. Harkye Sir, I'm courting a young Lady here, that has ſix thouſand Pound Fortune; follow my Directions, and recover my Credit, and you ſhall have half. [*To* old Brag.

Old Brag. Six thouſand Pounds——

Y. Brag. Every farthing Sir; 'tis ſhe yonder that ſtands by the old Gentleman.

Old Brag. And ſhall I have half, *Neddy*? [*Altering his Tone.*

Y. Brag. You ſhall; therefore own your ſelf to be Colonel *Brag*, an Acquaintance of mine at the Siege of *Buda*, and let me alone for the reſt.

Old Brag. Why, this is fair now, *Neddy*: now you don't abuſe and ſlight your old Father, you are a good Boy—Three thouſand Pounds! Gadzooks, 'tis enough to make me a Colonel indeed.

Y. Brag. Mind your Cue; Ha, ha, ha, ha: Come, dear Colonel, 'tis enough now, prithee leave off thy Joking; I ſee my Lady is ſurpriz'd at it. Why, Madam, and Gentlemen, this was nothing but a Jeſt all this while; this is my dear Friend Colonel *Brag*, that I met withal at *Buda*——

Old Brag. Yes, Madam, I am Colonel *Brag*; and, as the Captain ſays, we met together at *Buda*.

Y. Mer. Methinks your Habit is not very like a Colonel, Sir.

Le Prate. Jernie, de ver reſemblance of de *Engliſh* naſty foot Granadeer.

Y. Brag. Oh, a Jeſt, a Jeſt; the Colonel has often theſe Frolicks, to come abroad in a Diſguiſe; he has ſome Deſign in this now, I warrant.

L. Addle.

L. Addle. I warrant he is a Colonel o'th' wrong ſide, by his beating my Footmen; the Rebels all know my Livery, and have a ſpite at it; and therefore pray tell him, Couſin, I care not for ſuch Royſters Company.

Y. Brag. Sir, you'd do well to humour my Lady a little in her way, ſhe's a great Stickler againſt the Government.

Old Brag. What, you'd have me ſpeak Treaſon, would you ye Rogue? and ſo hoiſt my ſelf to the Gallows before I'm aware.

Y. Brag. Would thou wert hoiſted there fifty Cubits high: D'ſheart, this old Scoundrel will diſcover all yet, I ſee his aukward Carriage. [*Aſide.*

L. Addle. A filthy Beaſt! Come, Madam, let's leave him, and go and give order for our Bonfire. Madam, are your Ladyſhip's Jack-Boots ready?

L. Strod. They were liquor'd this Morning, Madam; I'm ready in a minute.

L. Addle. Mr. Alderman, come, let's go; Couſin *Bouncer*, come you away too from the Old Rebel, I have occaſion to uſe ye.

Y. Brag. I'll wait on ye, Madam. Meet me at the Magpy-Tavern at Nine. [*To* Old Brag.

[*Exeunt L.* Addle. *L.* Strod. Thrum. Y. Brag.

Old Brag. Enough, I'll come—Gentlemen, good buy. [*Exit* Old Brag.

Y. Mer. Oh, your Servant, good Colonel *Muſquet*; ha, ha, ha, I will know the bottom of this Cheat I'm reſolv'd, and to effect it, thou ſhalt go and invite 'em to a Glaſs of Wine with me to morrow.

Coopee. That old Fellow is certainly a Counterfeit; but what is t'other? Is he really a Captain?

Y. Mer. No more than thou art a General: 'Tis the common Title now-a-days for all the Bullies, Shop-lifts, Robbers, Pimps, Panders and Rakehels about the Town; any tall Fellow that can but get a Red-Coat on's Back, is dubb'd a Captain preſently. But prithee let's go, whilſt the Monſieur is buſy yonder, for fear he ſhould thruſt himſelf upon us; and dear Rogue, procure me but another Meeting to morrow with *Mirtilla*, and then I'm thine for ever.

Coopee.

Coopee. I'll do what I can, but you may thank your dancing Faculty. [*Exeunt* Mer. *and* Coopee.

Le Prate. Jernie, heer be de very pret Fancy, a Sheny Orange vid de Billet-doux wrap in it; ha, ha, ha, let me ſee now vat it ſay, ha!—'Tis from my deer ſweet Mrs. *Betty*, begar——I'll go into the Garden and read it, for I ſee here comes more Company. [*Exit.*

Enter Rakehell, Amorous, *and* Jiltall, *in a Rage.*

Jilt. Patience! Talk not to me of Patience, Mr. *Amorous*, I will have Juſtice.

Amor. You ſhall, Madam, you ſhall.

Jilt. I'll have him hang'd, I'll make a Parliament-buſineſs of it, I'll make him an Example to all villanous cheating Guardians; I'll mount him, tho it coſt me half the Eſtate.

Rake. This is a very *Indian* Devil!

Amor. 'Tis well ſhe's ignorant who you are, Sir; for ſhe has ſuch a deviliſh Spirit, that, gad, if ſhe knew, ſhe'd go near to tear you to pieces.

Rake. The very Iſſue of a Dragon; Gadzooks, I'm afraid to come near her.

Jilt. Would I had the Villain here, I'd tear his Throat out with theſe Fingers, I'd chop him into more pieces than ever *Medea* did her Brother *Abſirtus* in Story: What ſay you, Sir? Would not you help me to murder the Villain, hah?——

Rake. O yes, Madam; I'd have a Leg or an Arm of the Raſcal if he were here. [*Trembling.*

Jilt. A treacherous bloody kidnapping Villain, hah, Sir!

Rake. Oh, a Rogue, a Rogue, a very Rogue!

Jilt. Oh that this Dagger were in his Heart's blood.

Rake. He were right ſerv'd if it were, Madam. [*S'bud, how I tremble!*

Jilt. But the Gallows ſhall perform the Work more decently; therefore Mr. *Amorous*, if you have any Love for me, as you profeſs, loſe not a minute's time in the Proſecution; you know the Witneſſes are all ready, and want nothing but a Summons: I think the Law cannot fail to do me right in ſo notorious an Abuſe; but if it ſhould, I ſwear by *Mars*, *Apollo*, *Venus*, *Mercury*, and all

all the Powers of Fire, Air, Earth and Water, rather than let my Cauſe be left in the lurch, I'll ſtab him, tho I do it in the Church. [*Exit.*

Rake. Ay, there I would give thee leave, for I never come into one; but that's all one on my Conſcience, this Fury will be the Death of me one way or other.

Amor. Certainly, Sir; for to ſay truth, ſhe has often a mad Fit takes her, and then ſhe fears neither God, Man, nor the Devil; ſhe got it by drinking Brandies, and hot Waters in the *Indies*, Sir.

Rake. Well Couſin, I ſee I muſt depend upon thee—What relief, hah?

Amor. Why, Sir, to ſhew what a Value I have for ye, and what Care for your Reputation, make up the Eſtate of ſeven hundred a Year that I ſold ye, a Thouſand, and ſettle it upon me, and I'll inſtantly marry her, and give you a Diſcharge for all the reſt.

Rake. Well, well, I'll do't Nephew, I'll do't; for I find, if I ſhould carry it againſt her by Law, I ſhall never carry my own Guts in quiet an hour after, ſhe'll have her Dagger amongſt 'em before I'm aware.

Amor. Ay Sir, beſides the Diſgrace of kidnapping, you know.

Rake. Ay, 'tis time; but, mum for that, good Nephew; thou knoweſt all Fleſh is frail, and 'twas a ſhreud Temptation: Go, go, and get the Writings ready, and I'll ſeal to morrow. But prithee when thou haſt married her, keep her within doors; for Gadzooks, I had rather eat a Fricaſſy of Souls with *Beelzebub*, than meet her in my Diſh again. [*Exit* Rakehell.

Re-enter Jiltall.

Jilt. Ha, ha, ha, ha——Is he gone?

Amor. And moſt damnably frighted; what betwixt the ſhame of being taken for a Kidnapper, and his own cowardly Apprehenſions of being murdered, he's e'en out of his Wits; the buſineſs is done, ye little Devil, the Writings are going to be drawn for a Thouſand a Year, and he's to ſeal to morrow.

Jilt. Ah, dear Dog, I am glad on't for thy ſake, I'vads *Jacky*; and I think I acted to the Life.

Amor. Rarely, rarely, and thy Settlement ſhall fare

ne'er the worſe for't; it may chance to ſwell to Five hundred a year now, ye dear Devil you. [*Kiſſes her.*

Jilt. No, indeed, ſweet Blood, that's too much I'm afraid; you'll think I'm mercenary, *Jacky.* Mrs. *Strikeup*, Sir *Thomas Rental*'s Miſtreſs, 'tis true, has Five hundred a year; but, for my part, my dear Honey, ſweet Puppy-face, thou art ſo charming, I can love thee without e'er a Groat.

Amor. Ah! dear *Betty*, I love thee ſo entirely, that I think I can never do enough for thee: prithee let's go and be private a little, ſhall we?

Jilt. Not now, dear *Jacky*, there's the Governeſs, and ſome other Boarders in my Chamber, who expect me at Supper; but to morrow, my Honey-ſuckle Rogue, I'll be thine all day—till when, my little dear ſweet Ape's Face, adieu—Ah Sirrah, I'm too fond of thee. [*Strokes and kiſſes him, and* Exit.

Amor. Well, go thy ways; if all thy charming Sex had Souls like thee, deſpiſing baſe Confinement, and wore thy conſtant kind endearing Humour, in what a forlorn ſtate were Matrimony! A Wife! Why is ſhe not the beſt of Wives, that loves me, that pleaſes and indulges my Deſires, and all ſtill upon Honour, without force? and this, dear *Betty*, is thy Character.

Marriage the product of Convenience is,
'Tis Love, with freedom, brings the trueſt Bliſs.

Enter Le Prate *from the Garden.*

Le Prate. Ha, ha, ha, ha——

Amor. How now, what makes this *French* Puppy here grinning? ſo Monſieur, you are very merry, I ſee.

Le Prate. Merry! ay begar, I have de ver good reaſon too, if you knew all—dis Lettra dat you ſee here make me de moſt happy Perſon in de whole World, begar.

Amor. A Letter! what from ſome young thing here I warrant, that's ſmitten with thy airy parts; come prithee—diſcover, thou knoweſt I am thy Friend, an ſtealing a Fortune here? hah——

Le Prate. Dam Fortune, ſhe's a blind Baud dat obliges none, but Fool begar; dis intrigue is beyond all de Fortune in de World, which becauſe you are de Man of Honour I will communicate: you muſt know den dat here

here is great Beauty in dis Town, dat goes by de name of Madam *Jiltall*.

Amor. Ha, *Jiltall!* ——

Le Prate. A rare Creature, both for de Shape, de Wit, de Beauty, and every ting dat is incomparable.

Amor. So, Sir.

Le Prate. Now you muſt know dat at intriguing is de very ſoul of the *French*; and my ſelf being always great Admirer of dat Gallantry, I have endear my merit ſo much in her favour, by de Song, de Fiddle, de Preſent, and oder ting ſhall be nameleſs, dat ſhe came yeſterday hither in an *Indian* habit to meet me.

Amor. To meet you!——

Le Prate. Yes, begar, ha ha ha; vas not ver pretty frolick, hah? for you muſt know dat we have ſometime met together in oder place before now.

Amor. Damnation! What does this Raſcal mean? [*Aſide.*] This muſt be my *Betty*, it can be no other—So, Sir, and that Letter is from her, is it?

Le Prate. Juſt now ſent to invite me to her private Chamber, where dere is de Bed, and Couch, and Chair, and all oder convenience; ah, 'tis full of de moſt tender obliging expreſſion dat ever was writ: dere, read, you ſhall find ſhe has great deal of Wit—ſhe's ver fine Perſon, may foy.

Amor. Hell take me if it be not her own Character! Oh Patience!

Reads the Letter.

YOUR Merits, dear Sir, have ſo won upon my Heart, that I can no longer defer your Deſire; therefore you may come, if you pleaſe, by the Back-Garden up ſtairs into my Apartment; for I'm oblig'd to ſtay here to night upon ſome urgent occaſion: now is your time, and to endear ye more, know that I intend to feign my ſelf ſick to a young paſſionate Fool that loves me and waits for admittance, to poſſeſs the greater Pleaſure of enjoying your ſweet Company.

Le Prate. Ay, dat Fool, dat Fool; de turning away of dat Fool dat wait, pleaſe me moſt of all——

ha ha ha, vat tink you? Hah, is not ſhe an Angel?

Amor. A downright Devil!

Le Prat. Deevle! who, who, Jernie, vat are you tinking on? Oh you are ſurpriſed at her Wit, are you? ha ha ha: vel begar, I believe ſhe has the richeſt Brain in all *England*, ma foy, and is aſſurement the greateſt.

Amor. Jilt in *Europe*, by Heaven! Oh—confound her! Is all [*Stamps*] the Vows and Fondneſs come to this?——Ah dear *Merriton*, now I confeſs my Blindneſs, and thy Judgment.

Le Prate. Hey! Vat a Diable is de matre? nay, nay, if you be mad, come give me de Lettra, and let me go, for I long to be embracing de dear, dear raviſhing Creature dat ſtay for me.

Amor. Why then let me tell you, Monſieur *Rantipol tanto*, you ſhall not have her Letter, nor ſhall you go to her neither.

Le Prat. Hey morbleau, vat time of the Moon is dis,—vat you mean Monſieur?

Amor. Why, I mean to ſignify to ye Monſieur, that this charming Angel of yours has been my Whore this ſeven Years; I ſettled an Eſtate upon her in Eighty ſeven, carried her to *Flanders* in Eighty eight, and ſpent two thouſand Pounds upon her in Eighty nine, brought her over with me in Ninety; and now this preſent Year find my ſelf jilted, and reſolve a Revenge: therefore conſent to quit all Pretenſions to her inſtantly, or draw.

Le Prat. Draw! dis is ver fine begar, I come heeder to make Love, and you will force me to make War; but it never ſhall be ſay dat a *Frenchman* deſert his Miſtreſs, or his Intrigue—Come on Monſieur, ſa, ſa.

[*Leaps backward, and fences at a diſtance.*

Amor. A Plague, what are you dancing a Galliard, are ye——Come, I'll ſhew ye an *Engliſh* Step, Sir.

[*Preſſes in, fights and diſarms him.*

Le Prat. Gazoon, vat dam Fortune is dis? I have ſhame my Country—begar, dis is de firſt time dat ever de *French* were foil'd.

Amor. Oh Sir, you are ill read in Hiſtory, I find; come, there's your Sword agen, you ſee I ſcorn to make you beg your Life; therefore in return of Honour, fail

fail not to meet me here to morrow at this time; I have Buſineſs with ye—

Le Prat. Begar you are ver brave Fellow, therefore I'll come; and dee hear, Monſieur, whenever our great Monarch come and conquer your Country, de Devil take a me, but I will do as much for you.

Amor. Oh, I thank ye Sir.

Le Prat. Dis is ver brave Fellow, ma foy; but a Plague of his dam *Engliſh* Step for all dat. [*Exit* Le Prate.

Amor. And now to ruminate on my Revenge,
And right my ſelf in this ſtrange turn of Fortune:
For Oh, I lov'd this Jilt beyond my Reaſon,
Wounded my Heart afreſh, and every Night
Fancied I had the firſt ſweet-budding Noſegay,
When every Flower was common in the Market.
Suppoſe I poiſon, or I ſtrangle her,
Why, I ſend her to the Devil, my ſelf to th' Gallows.
What ſatisfaction! Suppoſe I trade with ſome of her Aunts the Bauds, and get the Pox, and give it her; why then the Venom of her own Nature will relieve it, and I alone am wretched: or ſhould I cut her into little Morſels, like a true Serpent, every Part would live, and every Part would join agen to ſting me. No, I have it, the Purſe is the Whore's mortal part, I'll ſtab her there.
Learn this by me, you that deſert kind Wives,
And with this curſed Tribe debauch your Lives;
For Gold you gain a thouſand Sweets and Dears,
But ceaſe to pay, and then the Punk appears. [*Exit.*

ACT IV. SCENE I.

A Tavern.

Enter Y. Merion, *and* Amorous.

Y. Mer. TO laugh at thee is not like a Friend, and to rail at her would be to no purpoſe: I only hope thou wilt value my Judgment another time, and in the preſent Juncture make a good uſe of this lucky Diſcovery.

Amor. I warrant thee, thou ſhalt as much value me for my Diſcretion now, as thou didſt formerly wonder at me for my ſtrange Stupidity; but yet by Heaven it ſhocks my very Nature to think ſuch barbarous Ingratitude could injure ſuch true Love.

Y. Mer. That Love was rather a Diſeaſe in thee than otherwiſe: thou hadſt a Calenture, and thy ſtrange Madneſs muffled her jilting miſchiefs from thy Eyes.

Amor. Damn'd mercenary Whore!

Y. Mer. Oh fy! How canſt thou rail at a poor Creature for acting of her kind. A Whore and Jilt are Boot and Spur, the one depends on t'other, and 'tis unreaſonable to expect a Separation; and if thou thinkeſt thy Wit or Love could make her conſtant, thou art weaker ſtill: for a Whore has no Love but what depends on Appetite; the coarſeſt Food often goes down the beſt, and is juſt like one invited to an excellent Treat, yet is not ſatisfied, nor thinks himſelf well entertained, unleſs after all you let him take a naſty Pipe of Tobacco.

Drawer within. Half a Flask in the King's Arms, Score.

Amor. How near the curſed Nature of the Devil is ſuch a nauſeous Creaure? Yet ſuch there are I find.

Enter Drawer.

Sir, there's a Gentleman below deſires to ſpeak with ye.

Y. Mer. Oh, 'tis *Coopee*; go and ſend him up, Sirrah. [*Exit Drawer.*

I employ'd him, *Jack*, about a pleaſant Diſcovery of the Colonel and Captain I told thee of—Well, what now, *Tom*?

Enter Coopee.

Coopee. They are coming, Sir; and 'twill make you laugh to ſee what a ſtrange romantick Dreſs the old ſham Colonel's in now; he looks juſt like the old Picture of *Gideon* in the Hangings, and ſtruts as if he were newly come from lapping at the River.

Y. Mer. I'm reſolved to find out the Trick now; and if thou canſt get the Romp and the Six thouſand Pounds, thou doſt thy ſelf a Profit, and me a Pleaſure.

Amor.

Amor. What, the Rogue is ſtealing one of the Kitlins from the Boarding-School, is he?

Coopee. Faith, Sir, I think you have nicked it, for all ſhe can do yet is to pur and mew a little, ſhe is not come to her ſcratching. But there has a plaguy Accident hapned ſince I ſaw you laſt.

Y. Mer. What, prithee? a diſcovery of any thing?

Coopee. All, all, faith; and the Buſineſs is this moment in Agitation; that damn'd Witch *Crowſtich* has told the Governeſs that I uſed to cram the Girl with Almonds and Raiſins, and when I taught her to dance, kiſs her between every Step; upon which Mr. *Deputy* and my Lady are ſent for this Afternoon. For my part, I was diſcarded preſently; but to ſhew ye that I have play'd my Game very well, juſt as I was going out of door, the poor young Fool follow'd, and pretending to give me a Song-book, pinn'd this Note to the firſt Leaf, ha ha ha——Here, you may read it if you can, for ſhe does but juſt ſcrawl, and ſpells worſe than a Town-Whore in *Billet-doux.*

Y. Mer. reads the Letter.

IF you loſe me as you portend, and will marro me, and let me go abroad to eat Cowſturd and Cheſſcock as often as I pleaſe, I will loſe you butter than my Father, and will come to you out at the Balcondey in the Jurdain at Eight a Clock juſt after we have ſoopt. I am, ſweet Mr. Coopee, *your true Friend,* Jenny Addleplot. Ha ha ha ha.

Amor. Ha ha ha ha. One that never knew it, might ſwear that Letter came from a Boarding-School by the Loſe and Butter that's in't.

Y. Mer. So, why this goes very well, hah, and thou intendeſt to be at the Balcony at the time appointed, doſt not?

Coopee. Moſt punctually: For I hear my Lady intends to match her to this concomly Captain that's coming hither; but I'll prevent her faith, I'll about it inſtantly. [*Ex.*

Y. Mer. Oh, here comes the Colonel—Now for the Diſcovery.

Enter

Enter O. Brag *ridiculouſly dreſs'd like an Antick Officer, and* Y. Brag *with him.*

Y. Brag. Now, Sir, beſure you don't diſcredit your ſelf, but remember you are a Colonel ſtill.

O. Brag. Sirrah, hold your Tongue, and leave off your ſaucy Inſtructions, or as I am a true Granadeer—

Y. Brag. O Lord, O Lord, a Granadeer already!

O. Brag. A true Colonel I mean, Sirrah, I will ſwinge you inceſſantly,

Y. Mer. Oh Colonel, your moſt humble Servant, and Captain yours;—Pray know my Friend here. [*They ſalute.*

O. Brag. Gentlemen, I am your Worm to tread upon, the Lappet of your Shoo, your Slave of Slaves, and ſhall be proud to ſerve you, whether in the Cellar, the Kitchin, or the Stable.

Y. Brag. So, now he talks like a Groom, a Tapſter, and Scullion——I ſhall be undone.

Y. Mer. Oh, you debaſe your ſelf too much, Colonel; for ſo great an Officer, performing ſuch an Action as yours at the Siege of *Buda*, qualifies ye to be a General to ſome great Monarch.

Amor. Pray, Colonel, how is their Method of Fortification at *Buda?*

O. Brag. Buda, Sir!

Y. Brag. Ah, he's foundred already: 'Dſheart, Sir, own you have an ill Memory preſently, or you'll ſpoil all [*Aſide.*

O. Brag. I've a very ill Memory Gentlemen, I hope you'll excuſe me.

Y. Brag. Tell 'em you hurt your Brain by catching a great Cold with lying in the Winter-Trenches in *Hungary*.

O. Brag. Why, when was I in *Hungary*, Sirrah? This Rogue crams ſo many Lyes into my Mouth together, that, Gadzooks, 'tis a pain to me to know which I ſhall get out firſt. [*Aſide.*

Amor. You muſt needs be able to give a good account of the famous Tranſaction at *Buda*, Sir: Come, pray let's hear.

Y. Brag. Say yes, yes Sir, and I'll help ye out. [*Aſide to* O. Brag.

O. Brag. Yes, yes Sir, at leaſt the Captain here can,

if I can't. Go and manage your Lye your ſelf, ye Dog, I'm almoſt choak'd. [*Aſide to* Y. Brag.

Y. Brag. We were both drawn out, Gentlemen, in the Detachment that receiv'd the Aſſault; the Colonel here, I muſt needs ſay, behav'd himſelf more like a Lion than a Man. And for my own part, I ſcap'd by Miracle; I fought on foot three hours by the Clock, when above twelve great Field-Pieces play'd at me all the while as thick as Hail; I had the Honour to horſe the King of *Poland* twice, lent my own Sword to the Duke of *Bavaria* when he was in diſtreſs; and at laſt, with a Clapper of a Bell, which a ſwinging *Turk* that I had juſt before kill'd, had us'd inſtead of a Battle-Ax, fought thro their Vantguard, and came off ſafe in ſpite of em.

Y. Mer. A Clapper of a Bell! Why Captain, there are no Bells in *Turkey*.

Amor. No, Captain, no——the *Turks* never uſe any Bells or Clappers neither.

Y. Brag. Ah plague of my heedleſs Nonſenſe, what ſhall I ſay now? [*Aſide.*

O. Brag. Hold ye, Gentlemen, hold ye, I can make it out plain: Now will I help the Rogue off at a dead lift. [*Aſide.*

Amor. What, that the *Turks* uſe Bells, Colonel Coddlebrain?

O. Brag. The *Turks!* No, no: But you muſt know that the Captain there was formerly Prentice to a Black-ſmith, and brought the Clapper to the Wars along with him. [Y. Brag *frets and ſtamps.*

Y. Mer. Oh, that may be indeed——your Servant, noble Captain.

Amor. Much good may't do ye with your Clapper, worthy Captain.

Y. Brag. Ah, pox of your plain-dealing——I'm diſgrac'd for ever now: What do you mean by this Colonel, when was I Prentice to a Black-ſmith, hah! [*Kicks him.*

O. Brag. When? Why, what a damn'd ſhallow Brain haſt thou? Why, wert not thou Prentice to old *George Grimble*, when I ſold Brandy and Tobacco by the Church-wall at *Antwerp*, juſt the Winter before I liſted my ſelf a Granadeer?

Y. Mer. A Granadeer!

Y. Brag. Ah the Devil! now all's out, and nothing can retrieve it.

Amor. No, no, a Granadeer: He liſted himſelf a Colonel, I warrant; hah—what ſay'ſt thou?

O. Brag. Ay.

Y. Mer. Ay, a very fine Story you have made of this indeed, and I ſhall inform my Lady preſently of your great Merit and Extraction; and ſo my moſt noble Blackſmith, adieu.

Amor. Your Servant, honeſt Granadeer.

O. Brag. Hold, Sir, tho the Captain here be a kind of a Coward, or ſo, yet you ſhall know that I have a Sword. [*Goes to draw.*

Y. Mer. And Dagger, I know it; all Granadeers have. Come, come, 'tis in vain to be teſty with us; there's Money for the Wine, you can't do leſs than drink together when we are gone—Huſh, not a word more.

Amor. Ha ha ha ha. [*Ex. Mer. and Amor.*

O. Brag *and* Y. Brag *ſtare at each other.*

Y. Brag. Ah! plague of your *Antwerp* Occupation, here's 6000 *l.* loſt now, and the beſt Maintenance that ever Man had: Oh, I'm loſt, ruin'd for ever! I ſhall never be kept again, that touches the very Soul of me: Oh! What ſhall I do?

O. Brag. Why, take your *Turkiſh* Battle-Ax, and go to the Wars, Captain, you'l get immortal Honour I know preſently; and ſo here's my Service to ye, good Captain Clapper. [*Drinks to him.*

Y. Brag. Nay, let it be ſome of the Brandy then that you ſold by the Church-Wall, good Colonel Granadeer: D'ſheart, was the Devil in ye to talk at that rate?

O. Brag. What, Sirrah, I warrant you, tho I had cram'd a dozen or two of Lyes in the hinder part of my Jaw, as a Monkey does the overplus of his Dinner. But, Sirrah, I'd have you know, I was of too honeſt a Principle.

Y. Brag. Honeſt! Ay, that's it has made you dine ſo often on pickled Herrings and hard Cheeſe; Oh, what will become of me?

O.

O. Brag. Come, come, Sirrah, take the Gentleman's Advice, and ſtrip from that fluttering Coat, and ſell it, 'twill ſerve to make us merry a conſiderable while; and ſince theſe Titular Captains are moſt of 'em Rogues, I'll provide you a new Title, you ſhall ſerve the King and Queen, Sirrah, and be as I am, an honeſt Granadeer.

Y. Brag. Lord, Sir, what do you mean? If my Lady ſhould but hear I was in Company where they but named the King and Queen, ſhe would diſcard me for ever—And I have yet ſome ſmall Hopes.

O. Brag. Sirrah, I'll have you hope no more hopes; but let my Lady be pox'd by her whole Party, cramp'd with her Jack-boots, and choak'd with her cold Tea. Come, come, ſtrip, ſtrip, I'll have the Coat off preſently; that Lace will keep us two Months at leaſt, in Tobacco, Brandy, and Red-Herrings.

Y. Brag. Oh the Devil, he's at his old Play agen.

O. Brag. Come, come; quick, quick; off with Hat, Peruke, and Coat; quick, I ſay.

Y. Brag. Quick! Ay, as quick as my Legs can carry me, if you are at that ſport. [*Runs out.*

O. Brag. Say you ſo, Raſcal? I'll be with ye preſently, faith. [*Runs after.*

SCENE, *The Boarding-School.*

Enter Mirtilla *with a Book in her Hand.*

Mirtilla *Reads.*

EMbarqu'd at laſt, and ſculk'd into the Hold,
My Flight was to my jealous Parents told;
As much too timorous they, as I too bold.
Ah dear, dear Ovid, *how thy precious Wit,*
Dreſt in the glittering Robe of charming Poetry,
Moves my ſoft Soul!—Whene'er thou writeſt of Love,
Methinks my Heart melts with the ſacred Flame,
And even makes Virgin Innocence grow wanton:
For then, dear Merriton, *I think on thee,*
And every Thought begets an Extaſy,
Almoſt too fierce for Virtue to endure.

Yet

Yet tho I love thee, my Reſolves are conſtant,
I'll ſigh and mourn for thee my deareſt Friend,
But can no more, till our hard Fortunes mend.

Enter Lady Addleplot, Crowſtich, *and L.* Stroddle.

L. Addle. You amaze me, Mrs. *Crowſtich*, with this Diſcovery: I thought it impoſſible the Girl ſhould be ſo wild.

Crow. 'Tis ſtrange indeed, Madam, for one of her Years; but your Ladyſhip ſhall have the proof on't preſently.

Mirtil. She here! To diſturb my Contemplation: Horrid Creature! How ſhall I avoid her? [*Exit.*

L. Addle. The t'other Doudy indeed I always imagin'd indocible; but that Sir *Arthur*'s Off-ſpring, a Child born of my own Body, Bone of my Bone, Fleſh of my Fleſh, Vitals of my Vitals, that ſhe ſhould degenerate, I am amaz'd at it!

L. Strod. To look ſo much below her ſelf, as to fancy a little Dancing-Maſter; 'tis not adequate to your Ladyſhip's Blood that runs in her, I confeſs.

Enter Jenny.

L. Addle. Whither were you going, you great Romp? ha!

Jenny. Oh pray Mam forgive me this time, and I'll never do ſo agen.

Crow. Only to Mr. *Coopee*, Madam; this has been hatching a good while; the t'other too is as mad for *Semibrief* our Singing-Maſter; they were both found romping in the Garden with 'em laſt Night, but the Governeſs has turn'd them away for't. Here ſhe comes with Father, I've told him her Tricks already.

Enter Nicompoop, Molly, *and* Tearſhift.

Nicom. Ah Madam, the Girls are both undone ſeriouſly!

L. Addle. The Girls! I hope you don't couple your Tarrier there with Sir *Arthur*'s Breed, Jack Sauce!—— Ah *Tearſhift*, 'tis evident now that filthy thing there has quite ſpoil'd Miſs by keeping her Company.

Tear. 'Tis certainly ſo, Madam, there's no compariſon between the Childrens Parts.

L.

L. Addle. I'll examine her my ſelf. Huſſey, ſpeak the Truth, and ſcape the Rod: What did you and that aukward Creature do with *Coopee* and *Semibrief* in the Garden laſt Night?

Jenny. No hurt, truly, truly now.

L. Addle. What buſineſs had ye there? What was your Deſign? Come, don't ye lye.

Jenny. Why, we eat, ugh, ugh; we eat a dozen of Cuſtards there.

L. Addle. A dozen of Cuſtards, very well.

Jenny. And about fourteen Cheeſcakes.

Molly. There wan't fourteen then, there was but thirteen in all, and I have one of them in my Pocket here. [*Pulls out a great Cheeſcake, and eats it.*

L. Addle. My Lady *Stroddle*, did ye ever hear ſuch a filthy Romp?

L. Strod. She has a little too much of the Vulgar, I confeſs, Madam.

Nicom. Madam, I beſeech your Ladyſhip to hear *Molly* tell what Words paſs'd between 'em, and what that impudent Singing-maſter ſaid to her.

L. Addle. Prithee hold thy Tongue.

Nicom. Pray Madam, let me beg your Ladyſhip. Come *Molly*, leave chawing your Cheeſecake, and tell my Lady, Child.

Molly. Why, he ask'd me——

Jenny. But pray, Mother, don't be angry with Mr. *Coopee*, for he's a mighty pretty Man, and the beſt Caperer in all the Town. [*Leaps rompingly.*

Molly. And pray Father, don't fall out with Mr. *Semibrief*, for he's a fine Man every inch of him, and the beſt Triller, aw, aw, au, au. [*Trills.*

Nicom. The poor Fool wins upon me ſo with her pretty Crrriage, that ſeriouſly I can deny her nothing: Come and kiſs me, *Molly*.

L. Addle. Fogh, how the Brute licks the Calf yonder. Well, Mrs. *Crowſtich*, tho the Fellow has been ſaucy with her, 'tis not ſo far gone I ſee, but the Girl may be reclaimed.

Crow. Ah Madam, this is not half her Fault; if this had been all, I had born it with ſome Patience: but,

Madam, he has taught her to be a Rebel too.

L. Addle. Hah!

Crow. And made 'em drink Confuſion to the *French* three times one after another in Sillabub.

L. Addle. Degenerate Baſtard! Is't poſſible! I had rather ſhe had been choak'd.

Crow. Nay, and what's worſt of all, the Villain made her ſit on's Knee, and ſing an impudent Ballad twice over in praiſe of King *William*.

L. Addle. A young Whore, gad I'll whip her preſently before you all. [*Runs to her, and they interpoſe.*

Nicom. Nay, dear Lady, ſeriouſly, you'll put your ſelf into ſuch an heat.—Huſſy get ye gone.

Jenny. I've a trick for't yet, for I'll go and hide my ſelf till night, and then get out to Mr. *Coopee* at the Balcony. [*Runs off.*

Molly. And I'll get out at the Cellar-Window to Mr. *Semibrief*, and be gone from 'em all, I'm reſolv'd on't. [*Runs out.*

L. Addle. Away ye Coxcomb, or I'll give you as much; 'dſlife a young Jade to drink Confuſion to the *French*; I ſhall hate Sillabub as long as I live for't: but I'll claw her, I'll teach her to turn Rebel. [*Exit after her.*

Nicom. Pray Mrs. *Crowſtich*, go and ſtrive to pacify her, for ſhe is in a deviliſh humour ſeriouſly. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Young Merriton *and* Mirtilla.

Mirtil. But to paſs upon 'em thus for a Dancing-Maſter and undiſcovered, is a ſtrange Riddle to me.

Y. Mer. It pleaſed Mrs. *Crowſtich* to introduce me, who, it ſeems, has ſome friendly opinion of my Qualification for my Performance yeſterday; beſide, what can be ſtrange to Love? who'd not change Shapes like *Jove* for ſuch a *Danae*?

Mirtil. Who wou'd not talk like you that had your Wit?

Y. Mer. Or who would live confin'd here, that had yours? Once more think on my Suit then, dear Angel.

Mirtil. Nay, now you are unjuſt; did you not promiſe, provided I would ſuffer ye to ſee me, to touch no more upon that jarring ſtring?

Y. Mer.

Y. Mer. If that be jarring, there is then no Muſick; but Diſcord is the Soul of Harmony. I own I promiſed ye, alas! but how? as men in Fevers promiſe not to drink, yet have no Eaſe or Comfort till they break it; or as to modeſt Virgins newly wedded, and begging a Week's Reprieve, we ſeem to promiſe: but how can that e'er bind the amorous Bridegroom, when there's neceſſity it ſhould be broke?

Mirtil. Little ſhould I depend upon your Promiſe, when you had Power, that can infringe it now.

Y. Mer. All things of Senſe unanimouſly excuſe me; I cannot look upon thee without loving, nor love thee but I renew my Suit.

Mirtil. A Suit bent to the ruin of us both.

Y. Mer. No, rather to our Souls eternal Comfort.

Mirtil. Oh Heaven! What comfort can there be in Love, curb'd and confin'd by Poverty?

Y. Mer. We have no Poverty, whilſt we love enough; the Droſs of gilded Luxury ne'er can equal the glittering Ore of our ſublime Contentment. Thou haſt a Soul I know deſpiſes Fortune, as much as vile Unchaſtity or Folly; a Soul that ſits in the middle of her Wheel with Wings ſtill poiz'd, not mounting up, nor falling, but in a conſtant Station fixt; canſt ſmile at thoſe that climb, and thoſe that hurry down.

Mirtil. I have ſo, and I own I think as little of the vain noiſy fluttering World as you, the gaudy Fop or haughty thing of Title, the ſtrutting Prelate, or the Knave in Furs can laugh at too; nay I could be contented with the leaſt gift of Fate. if that were all.

Y. Mer. If that were all! What is there elſe, ſweet Life?

Mirtil. 'Tis not for my own ſake that I deny, but, Sir, for yours; if we were married, perhaps I ſhould love ye, nay love ye dearly; perhaps have Children too, ſome half a dozen pretty ſmiling Bleſſings to cling around, and help Life's tedious Journey with the dear nonſenſe of their pratling Stories. But ſhould the freezing hand of Want afflict us, what ſhould we do, but ſit by our ſmall fire, Tears in our Eyes, and throbbing Griefs at Heart, to ſee our little Flock of unfledg'd *Cupids*, ſhivering

with Cold, as wanting neceſſaries, who looking wiſhly on us ſeemed to ſay, Why would you marry thus to make us miſerable?

Y. Mer. Thou talkſt of Children, and I think of Heaven, when I conceit thou art to be their Mother; Oh I would learn to out-dig my Grandſire *Adam*, e'er thou ſhouldſt want the profits of the Earth, or my dear Children born of thy ſweet Body, their due or proper Suſtenance.

Mirtil. And what muſt I do then when you ſhould dig? I know in Marriage we muſt ſhare the Troubles as well as Joys of him we are confin'd to; can I ſee him that lies within my Arms ſo full of Cares he has ſcarce time for Love, riſe early to provide for me and mine, and I not knit, or ſow, or ſpin, or ſomething? The labouring Husband that has a lazy Wife may not only ſuſpect her Love, but Vertue—No, I'd never part from you in your ill Fortune, but will not be the Cauſe to bring it on ye.

Y. Mer. You cannot be the Cauſe; I have enough, tho not what you deſerve.

Mirtil. But I alas! have not enough for you.

Y. Mer. No matter, Heaven will proſper us.

Mirtil. That I hope, and then my Tongue ſhall tell another ſtory, till when adieu; and yet believe I value ye, and 'tis Value keeps me from conſenting.

Y. Mer. Come, come, 'tis plain you hate me; for if you did not, Fortune and Wealth were Trifles.

Mirtil. Be ungrateful, and think ſo ſtill.

Y. Mer. I muſt and will by Heaven!

[*Is going out, and* Old Merriton *meets him.*

Old Mer. How now Son? Why in ſuch haſte? Come back agen.

Mirtil. My Foſter-Father here, and in this unhappy Juncture! Oh Heaven! What ſhall I ſay to excuſe my ſelf?

Y. Mer. Sir, I beſeech ye give me leave, I'm ill o'th' ſudden, and want a little Air—What makes he here? She ſaid indeed ſhe was beholden to him; but how, Heaven knows: I'll obſerve more hereafter, this may be a Riddle worth finding out.

Mirtil.

Mirtil. Sir, I am afraid I have offended you, finding me thus diſcourſing with your Kinſman in this ſuſpicious manner.

Old Mer. To fear implies a Guilt; I know your Vertue, and you might have ſpared that word: beſide, he is my Son.

Mirtil. Your Son! Nay, then a Siſter's Amity may well excuſe this Freedom; 'twas Sir, your Intereſt firſt that introduced him: for any Blood of yours, mere Gratitude would prompt my throbbing Heart to love and honour.

Old Mer. 'Twas warm Diſcourſe you had; the purple Signal that yet remains diſplayed within your Cheeks, confirmed me that your Tongues have had a Battle, and Love or War has fiercely been denounced—Pray let me know, and if I've intereſt in ye, as for paſt Cares I cannot doubt I have, give me a ſhare in the Diſcovery.

Mirtil. Sir, I dare truſt you with my ſecret Sins, much more than with my little worldly Buſineſs: Know then, your Son has oft been pleaſed to honour me with paſſionate Expreſſions of his Love.

Old Mer. I thought ſo, pray proceed.

Mirtil. Ah! then take all; I own I love him too, and now you have a Secret out, which nothing but your Commands could ever have forced from me: I love him, Sir; yet knowing my Condition, a modeſt regard of wronging him hereafter by my ill Stars, made my poor famiſhed Heart hold out, tho within one ſhort hour of ſtarving. [*Weeps.*

Old Mer. This is as I could wiſh—Come be not ſad, the Stars have better Aſpects than you think, and Fortune's giddy Wheel will ſoon turn round to ſeat thee on the utmoſt Spoke with Honours.

Mirtil. Ah, do not mock my Wretchedneſs, dear Father!

Old Mer. Not for the World; come in with me and liſten, for I will tell thee Wonders: the Minute is near, and the bleſt Hand of Providence, to paſs thee from thy Labyrinth of Misfortunes, holds out a Clue, and guides thee on to Happineſs.

In every Life, the Doom of Fate ſecures
One Hour to make it bleſt, and this is yours. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Enter Amorous *and* Le Prate.

Amor. Now Monſieur, you ſee what a Precipice I freed ye from, and what Reaſons I had for my late paſſionate Reſentment.

Le Prate. Monſieur, you have made it out dat you have de good reaſon, and I perceive dat ſhe be ver dam Jilt, ma foy; and tho I have loſt de little Honour in de quarrel, I have ſave one hundred Guinea morbleau, viſh make me ver much amends. But Monſieur, pray obſerve, I vill ſhew you the fineſt *French* Song here dat I learnt dis morning,—thol loll, loll. [*Sings.*

Amor. 'Dſlife, no Song now, dear *Le Prate*, this is our very Minute of Projection; I've juſt ſent for her; go, go, prithee ſtep into that Cloſet, and when I call, come and confront her.

Le Prate. Vid all my Heart, and I will practiſe dis Song all de while dere, for fear I ſhould fall aſleep. [Exit *into the Cloſet.*

Amor. And if there be a ſubtiler Devil than ordinary,
Uſed by grave Stateſmen, or by jilting Whores,
Him I invoke t'aſſiſt me; here ſhe comes.

Enter Jiltall *and* Oyley.

Jilt. Why that *French* Fop ſhould fail to come to my Aſſignation, is a Riddle to me, *Oyley*.

Oyley. And to me too, Madam: I'm ſure I wound him up right, I wonder he did not ſtrike.

Jilt. Huſh, here's t'other Woodcock juſt faln into the Plaſh, one at a Shoot muſt ſerve, when there's but little Game: my dear, dear *Jacky*. [*Runs to him.*

Amor. Oh my ſweet, ſweet, ſweet—Devil? [*Aſide.*

Jilt. But why is my dear Honey, little Puppy-dog, come before the hour? hah——

Amor. My dear Life might aſſure her ſelf, 'twas to do her good; to be ſhort then, you muſt know that my Uncle juſt now ſent for me.

Jilt. So, dear Monkey, ſo, ſo. [*Hugs and clings to him.*

Amor,

Amor. And ſent me word, that upon condition I would marry thee to morrow morning, he would ſeal my Settlement to Night, ha ha ha ha.

Jilt. Ha ha ha ha, an old Fool, ha ha ha ha.

Oyley. Ha ha ha ha—I muſt laugh too, but 'tis at him; Lord, who would be a Man, to let a Woman abuſe him thus? [*Aſide.*

Amor. So dear *Betty*, thou knoweſt I had no reaſon to defer it, Child, there's a thouſand Pound a year coming, ye dear, ſweet, pretty, melting, charming—confounded —— [*Aſide.*

Jilt. I ſhall bite ye, Sirrah, I cannot forbear, I ſhall bite your Noſe off if you come near me: ah *Jacky*, *Jacky*, if ever you ſhould leave me, I ſhould die, I ſhould die— [*Squeaks in a ſtrange tone, and clings to him.*

Amor. Ah! how the Devil has tun'd her to do miſchief; her treble Violin is juſt now ſtrung, and every Fop that plays upon't is damn'd.

Le Prate within [*Sings aloud*] Thol, loll, loll, *and a bit of a* French *Song.*

Jilt. How now! What's that, *Oyley?* The Devil ſure, it can be nothing elſe.

Amor. A Plague on him! Now is that *French* Fool's Head ſo full of that new Song, he has forgot where he is, and is ſinging out aloud. You need not go, *Mrs. Oyley*, 'tis one without that came with me to be Witneſs to the Marriage upon occaſion, or ſo.

Jilt. I vow, I was terribly frighted at the ſound; I don't uſe to hear any Man's voice, but thine *Jacky*, ſo near my Bed-Chamber.

Amor. Kind *Betty*.—No, a Pox take ye, I find they all us'd to come in. [*Aſide.*

Oyley. There's an Oagle now, there's an Oagle, as well worth two Guineas between *Turk* and *Jew*, as one Shilling's worth another.

Jilt. And will you marry me to morrow morning, *Jacky?*

Amor. Will I! ah thou ſhalt find, I'll do more for thee than that; come give Mrs. *Oyley* the Key, and bid her fetch the Settlement out of the Cabinet quickly, I ſuppoſe a Jointure of five hundred a year may do as well.

Jilt.

Jilt. I can't give it her, I vow I can't, I'm aſhamed, —I vow I am.

Amor. Oh fy! you muſt not trifle now, the Time waſtes; Mrs. *Oyley*, take it from her.

Oyley. Pray, Madam, ſince the noble Squire will have it ſo———

Amor. That Bitch takes me for a Cully too, I find by her Squiring me.—[*Aſide.*] Haſt got it? go, go, make haſte then.

Jilt. Indeed *Jacky*, I ſhall die for thee. [*Languiſhing.*

Amor. No, no.

Jilt. I vow I ſhall. [*In a Tone.*

Amor. Impoſſible.

Jilt. I ſhall never live to be brought to Bed, I'm afraid I ſhall have two this time—I ſwear, I believe I ſhall.

Amor. So! here's Generation for ye! One Jointure has begot two Baſtards in half a quarter of an Hour. [*Aſide.*] Jiltall *puts her Fan before her Face.*

Enter Oyley *with the Settlement.*

Oyley. Here 'tis, Sir, and Heavens bleſs ye for your Love to her.

Amor. Umph—I think indeed this is my erring Scraul.

Oyley. Yes indeed is it, I was Witneſs to this then,

Amor. What d'ye ſtart, Baud! [*Tears the Settlement.*

Jilt. Zoons, what does he mean?

[*Putting her Fan aſide.*

Amor. Oh, Madam! be not afrighted I beſeech ye, it may chance to make ye miſcarry of your two Babes; there's what I know will pleaſe ye———'tis your Jointure, Madam, your Ladyſhip underſtands the Short-hand.

[*Gives her the Letter.*

Jilt. My Letter to the *Frenchman!*—Oh Confuſion! I'm undone!

Amor. There is no Witneſs yet, but I'll call one; Allons Monſieur approach.

Enter Le Prate *from the Cloſet.*

Le Prate. Sharming, and fair, and moſt extraordinary, your ver moſt humble and oblig'd Serviture; Tholl, loll———

Oyley. D'ſlife, if this be true, I muſt into woollen Stockings agen. [Amorous *laughs.*

Le Prate.

Le Prate. Madam, the Deevil take me, if I am not ver ſorry—dat———

Filt. Hell take me! burn the World, and periſh Nature! [*Rages about.*

Amor. Faith, Madam, I confeſs I've been your hindrance, the Monſieur had a hundred Guineas for ye, but that I told him my Whore took no Money. As for your Babes of Grace, if they chance to be born naked, and have not back and breaſt on like the Troop, I'll give ye ſomething to buy Blankets; and ſo adieu, thou wretched.

Le Prate. Impudent. [*Dances up and down.*

Amor. Mercenary.

Le Prate. Pockey. [*In another Tone.*

Amor. Jilting.

Le Prate. Common.

Amor. Senſeleſs, and what's yet worſe, ingrateful Whore!

And curſe me Heaven, if e'er I love thee more.

[*Exeunt.*

Oyley. Nay, y'are right enough ſerv'd; could you think to have an Intrigue with a *Frenchman*, but that all the Town ſhou'd know't?

Filt. Oh! That I were a Witch now for a minute, or knew the means to be ſo; I've heard of Bonds written with Blood and Charms, that have by that made Miſchief proſperous: would ſome revengeful Power would tempt me once, hah!

Enter Old Rakehell.

I'm wiſhing for the Devil, and here he comes as pat, as he were ſure to have my Soul beforehand. Oh——for a Female Plot now to o'erreach this ſubtle *Amorous*, and make his Wit out-witted; the Omen appears fair, let me conſider.

Rake. I'm ſure I ſaw my Nephew come this way, but where to find him amongſt this Warren of Coney-burrows, is a Work paſt my Skill; I bolted into one of their Holes juſt now, and there were two or three young bouncing Girls ſtark naked, going to waſh themſelves in a Tub; gad I thought I ſhould have loſt my Eye-ſight, or at leaſt been us'd like *Acteon*, but that as it happen'd there were no Hounds about me. A plague on't, I can't find

find the way down neither, and I am damnably afraid of falling into that *Indian* Tyger's Quarters again.

Jilt. I have it: go go *Oyley*, and tell him I'd ſpeak with him; and thou dear Devil of Female Subtilty, if e'er thou wert our Sexes Benefactor, aſſiſt me now.

[Oyley *claps him on the Back.*

Oyley. Sir, my Lady would ſpeak with ye.

Rake. Oh! Gads bud, I'm fallen into the Devil's Paws, with ſeeking to avoid 'em; Oh pray young Gentlewoman, inform your Lady that the Writings are ready, I'll ſeal to night, and 'tis no matter for ſpeaking with her: Alas, you know ſhe's mad.

Oyley. Mad! pray Sir, come nearer, and be undeceiv'd. Mad, did you ſay?

Jilt. Sir *Rowland*, I cou'd ne'er have thought a Man of your Senſe could be ſo groſly impos'd upon, without perceiving it.

Rake. How's this———

Jilt. Lord, Sir, you ſhun me as I were a Ghoſt; but I find this is your Nephew's Trick, and I can't blame ye; he would have trick'd me too, Sir, had I not watch'd him.

Rake. She talks well now; but if this ſhould be a calm fit of the Devil in her, only to get time to put the Dagger into my Guts, gad I'll keep my diſtance yet for all her coakſing.

Oyley. Now work but thy part, Devil, we are made again. [*Aſide.*

Jilt. I had deſign'd to ſend to ye this Morning, Sir, to tell ye how this baſe ungrateful Fellow, this Prodigal your Nephew, has abus'd ye; nay, not only you but me, by making me affront one of your Merit. But, Sir, I ask you now ten thouſand Pardons.

Rake. This muſt be Madneſs, for I can find no Senſe in it.

Jilt. I had at firſt, 'tis true, as it was reaſonable, ſome ill Thoughts of ye, but now have much the better; his Plots are all unravel'd, and by ſubſtantial Information now, I find 'twas he that ſold me to the *Indies*.

Rake. 'Twas ſo, Madam; oh he's a damn'd Kidnapping wicked Fellow; gad I'll take heart, and cloſe in with her while the Fit laſts.

Jilt.

Jilt. 'Twas by his Plot I acted that mad part when laſt I ſaw ye, much againſt my own good nature: but I have found his Villanies out ſince, how he deſign'd to gull me to a Marriage, and you out of a Settlement; 'tis plain now, and I was ſending too this very Morning, to beg ye not to ſeal.

Rake. Gadzooks, what's this I hear? Why hark ye, Madam, are not you really mad then?

Jilt. Mad! Indeed ſuch Injuries were enough to make me ſo; but Sir, I hope my Eyes will reſolve that doubt; beſides, if you doubt my Senſe, you ſhall hear me ſing a Song of my own making.

SONG.

I.

ROyal and Fair, great Willy's *dear Bleſſing,*
The charging Regent of the Swains;
Heavy with Care, thus ſadly expreſſing
Her Grief, ſat weeping on the Plains:
Why did my Fate exalt me ſo high,
If fading State muſt deprive me of Joy?
Since Willy *is gone,*
Ah! how vainly ſhines the Sun,
Till Fates decree, the Winds and Sea
Waft, waft him to me.

BIBLIOTHECA BODLEIANA

II.

Large are my Flocks, and flowry my Paſtures,
Worth Treaſures vaſt of Silver and Gold,
Where ravenous Wolves too fain would be Maſters,
Devour all my Lambs, and break down my Folds.
Willy *whilſt here, ſecur'd me from fear,*
All the Wild Herd ſtood in awe of my Dear;
But poor helpleſs I,
Mourning ſigh, and hourly cry,
Let Fates decree, the Winds and Sea
Waft Willy *to me.*

Rake. A moſt admirable Creature! and if I may be ſo bold, Madam, have you never a Dagger under your Petticoats, nor nothing?

Jilt.

Jilt. Nothing that will hurt you, Sir: alas! that Dagger was given me by him to act my part with: Oh he has abus'd us both inhumanly, but we'll be even with him now, Sir, shall we not?

Rake. Shall we not? gad, Madam, say but a word more, and I'll have him hang'd at your Door before to morrow Night; here's luck, I thought I had got a Devil, 'oons 'tis a Cherubin of Cherubins. [*Aside.*

Jilt. There's time enough to punish him, but he shall see us laugh at him first; give me your Hand, will you be true to me, and revenge me on that wicked Fellow?

Rake. Most vigorously———

Jilt. And take me, and my whole Fortune for your pains?

Rake. Most thankfully——— [*Kneels.*

Jilt. There's a Bargain made, then go and get a black Coat, I'll marry ye immediately.

Rake. My Genius, my Soul, my Spirits, I have not breath enough to speak my Joy! Oh that I could fly now, my Legs cannot carry me half fast enough; now would some honest toping Priest come fluttering like a Swallow down the Chimney; I must try and get one presently, for fear she cool again.

See in the World how strangely things are carried,
I thought I should be hang'd, and now am to be married.
[*Exit laughing.*

Jilt. *strutting.* So now let History my Annals grace,
Mine is the Wreath, and *Machiavel*'s an Ass.

Oyley. Three thousand Pounds a Year, in three short Minutes your Wit has gain'd, ha ha ha! d'slife I could leap out of my Skin methinks.

Jilt. Besides, that poor dull wretched Fellow *Amorous* stript of all, in spite of all his Cunning; this now is prosperous Mischief, and I am proud to see my conquering Brain o'ercome Mankind.

Let each Miss-Keeper take this for a Rule,
To get one Young, and if he can a Fool:
Whilst her Sense yields to his, the Day's his own;
But if he's once out-witted, he's undone. [*Exit.*

ACT

ACT V. SCENE I.

Chelsey.

Enter Old Merriton *and Boy.*

O. Mer. WHere did you leave Sir *Rowland*, Boy?

Boy. At an Ale-houſe, Sir, juſt by the Church, waiting for Mr. *Stiffrump*, our Parſon; and he deſires ye to go preſently to his Houſe, and order his Servants to trick it up neatly, and provide a good Supper againſt Twelve a Clock, and then he'll come and impart t'ye an Extraordinary Affair that has happen'd to him.

O. Mer. Well, go, Sirrah, and tell him it ſhall be done, but there ſhall be other Gueſts there to eat it than he imagines. What he means by his extraordinary Affair, I know not; 'tis enough for me to have brought my own ſo near to perfection. I have left the Lovers within, cooing like a pair of Turtles, having extremely ſurpriz'd her with a diſcovery this Morning, that ſhe is worth fifty thouſand Pounds. Here ſhe comes, ſo embaraſs'd ſtill between Hope and Fear, that ſhe is even in pain to hear of her good Fortune ——Come, come, [*Exit Boy.*

Enter Young Merriton *and* Mirtilla.

Madam, are ye ready? It begins to grow late.

Mirt. Alas! Whither muſt I go? you have ſo ſurprized me with this ſtrange News, that did I not know you to be a Man of Honour, I ſhould believe you ſpoke it to abuſe me.

O. Mer. D'ye doubt my Honeſty? have I deſerv'd this from ye?

Mirt. Oh! no, Sir. And pray be not angry for my Diffidence; to fear is natural to our Sex: beſides, Sir, fifty thouſand Pounds is ſuch a Sum methinks!

O. Mer. As great a Sum as 'tis, you ſtill outweigh it —And what I've ſaid I'll juſtify. Give me your Hand; you muſt now change your Lodging; as we go on I'll tell ye more——Come, *Will.* (*Exeunt.*

Y. Mer. S'Death, fifty thouſand Pounds; why, 'tis worſe than Witchcraft to her; half that Sum ſhall convert any Woman in *England* into a Peacock, and make her ſo proud of her own Tail, there would be no enduring her. I warrant ſhe thinks now that I'll crawl on my Hands and Feet to purchaſe her; but ſhe ſhall find ſhe is deceiv'd: —Love may oblige me to a ſlaviſh Duty, but Fortune never ſhall. (*Exit.*

Enter Coopee *and* Semibrief *with a Ladder.*

Coop. Come, Brother Fortune-Stealer, help along with the Ladder; I hope this will prove more lucky than our laſt Plot; for methinks the Moon favours us very well. How goes the Night?

Semib. The School-Bell has juſt rung Nine, the Chickens within are all going to rooſt, and as full I warrant of Bread and Butter, Milk, Poſſet, and Caudle, as a Woman in Child-bed, that has but juſt three Days lain in.

Coop. Oh, here's the Balcony, now for the Sign.

(*Squeeks thro a Cattall.*

Enter Miſs Jenny *above.*

Miſs *J.* Who's there?

Coop. 'Tis I, dear Miſs, 'tis I. (*Squeeks again.*

Miſs *J.* Who, Mr. *Coopee?*

Coop. The ſame, the ſame, my dear, ſweet, little pretty——

Miſs *J.* Oh law, oh law; but how ſhall I get down t'ye tho?

Coop. Oh, eaſily, eaſily, my Dear: Look here, I've brought a Ladder for thee.

Semib. So, ſo, I ſee you are in a pretty poſture; I'll go now and ſee how Affairs ſtand at the Cellar-Window. (*Exit.*

Miſs *J.* A Ladder! Oh good! What, muſt I act Love with a Ladder then?

Coop. A Ladder! you muſt do any thing for your poor Hubby that is to be; have you got the Packthred?

Miſs *J.* Yes, I warrant ye; what d'ye think I would forget any thing? But will ye be ſure to marry me to night then?

Coop. To night! preſently, Child, as ſoon as ever thou get'ſt off the Ladder; why, the Parſon ſtays for thee.

Miſs

Miſs *J.* There 'tis then; I'vads he ſhan't ſtay for me; I'm better bred than ſo, I warrant ye.

[*Throws down the Packthred, and he ties it to the Rope.*

Coop. So, now put it round the Bar of the Window, and then let me alone to hoiſt it up.

Miſs *J.* There, Oh Gemini, what a pretty trick is this——But, dear Mr. *Coopee*, when we are married, what muſt we do afterwards, I wonder.

Coop. Afterwards; why then we muſt go to Bed, my Dear.

Miſs *J.* Go to bed; well, and I'vads that will be very pretty; but what muſt we do after that pray, dear Mr. *Coopee?*

Coop. After that, why——

Miſs *J.* Ay, there's the thing now, Mr. *Cooper*; what muſt we do after that?

Coop. Why, do but get upon the Ladder, and come down my Dear, I'll tell thee preſently.

Miſs *J.* Will ye? well, and ſo I will I'vads, I'll be with ye in a twinkling. [*Is getting upon the Ladder, and* Crowſtich *comes and takes hold of her.*

Crow. Will ye ſo, Gentlewoman? Pray let me have an account of your Journey firſt.

Miſs *J.* Oh law, what ſhall I do now?

Sings to Coopee *out of tune.*

Go, get, Friend below, I'm taken, I'm taken;
Ye little Knave, get off, and ſave your Bacon, your Bacon.

Crow. Here are rare doings; what, you are going to be married, are ye? but I'll help ye to a Husband in the Morning; a good Rod Huſſy, that ſhall act Love with ye, better than the Fool below there.

Miſs *J.* Well, well, I will have a Husband, I'm reſolv'd on't, do what you can: And if you offer to whip me, I'll tear your Eyes out, ſo I will.

Crow. Go, get ye in, ye great Romp. I'll lock her into her Siſter's Room below Stairs for to night, there's no Balcony there. 'Dſlife, was there ever ſuch a Contrivance? We ſhall have all our Girls ſtole out o'th' School by Baskets full, if this trade hold; but I'll prevent

it to morrow. Get ye in, Huſſy. [*Ex.* Crow.

Coop. Ah, plague of my damn'd Luck! If this Devil had ſtaid but a Minute longer, I had got my Fortune upon my Back, a lumping pennyworth by this time: But now, as the Devil will have it, muſt leave my Dough, that I have ſo long moulded for my own Cake, to be mumbled by the Chops of another. Pox on't, we us'd to be more proſperous in theſe Intrigues; and if any of theſe raw Tits can bolt out of their Warren at any time, 'tis ten to one but your Greyhound Dancing-Maſter, or your Lurching Songſter has the firſt ſnap at 'em. 'Tis a poor loving-Fool, this; and on my Conſcience will be very conſtant to me; and if we can but contrive another Aſſignation, then if I loſe her——

Enter Semibrief *haſtily.*

Semib. Hiſt, hiſt, *Coopee*, come along with me preſently.

Coop. Phoo, prithee let me alone, I am very unfit for another Intrigue now. A Pox on't, I have loſt my own.

Semib. Ye lye, ye lye, ye Rogue, ſhe's ſurer than ever; *Crowſtich* has juſt now lock'd her up into a low Room, where my little Butterprint was watching for me, who as ſoon as ever ſhe was gone, put back the Lock, gets out, and they are now both together yonder at the Cellar-Window.

Coop. Ha! what doſt thou ſay, what, my little Cake-bread too!

Semib. Ay, ay, ye Dog, come quickly, and let's help 'em out.

Coop. 'Dſheart, this was beyond expectation. Run, run, run. [*They run out.*

Enter Young Brag *dreſt like a Granadier.*

Y. Brag. If I had not run away from this old Dog Father of mine juſt now, when he was drunk and fell aſleep, I had been detach'd in the Morning amongſt the Granadiers, and ſhipp'd for the Expedition in *Ireland*; my fine Rigging's all gone, he has damn'd, that is, burnt the very Soul of my Coat, the Lace; and my embroider'd Breeches hang out at a Broker's in *Drury-Lane*; by this time he hath taken up with the Money they yielded, a whole Firkin of Brandy, a Hogſhead of Red

Red Herrings, two dozen of Tobacco, and half a hundred of *Cheshire* Cheese. For my part, I believe he's turn'd Conjurer, and lays up Provision for some Famine or other that is to come. If I should appear before my Lady in this Cap, with this Cypher upon't, I were no more a Man of this World; she would fly upon me like a Cat in a Closet, and the Tokens of my Manhood would be in a very desperate Condition.

Re-enter Coopee, *and* Semibrief, *with Miss* Jenny, *and* Molly *muffled; they cross the Stage hastily.*

Semib. Come along, along, my dear, dear little Chicken.

Y. Brag. Ha, that's *Semibrief*'s Voice; who are those with him?

Molly. Well, you tell me you'll make me a Woman to night. But i'vads my Heart goes a pit apat about it: for I have been told a Maid goes thro a great deal of trouble before she comes to be a Woman; and if you should chance to kill me—

Semib. Kill thee! ha ha ha, never fear it, my Dear. [Jenny *drops a Baby.*

Y. Brag. By Heaven, my little Boarding-School-Spouse that should ha' been.

Jenny. Oh law, my Baby, my Baby—I've lost my Baby.

Coop. Ah, 'Tis no matter if thou hadst lost it, I'll get thee a better Baby, my Dear.

Y. Brag. 'Tis so, the Romps are both stole from the School to night; and I am luckily the first Discoverer. I'll dog 'em, and then run and inform my Lady; this, with some swinging Lye or other, may chance to re-instate me in her Favour, and get me other Rigging. For to say truth, I'm damnably asham'd of this; well, Fortune prosper, I have but small Hopes. [*Exit.*

SCENE II. *A Room with Table and Bottles.* *Lady* Addleplot *sitting,* *Lady* Stroddle, Nicompoop *Arm'd Back and Breast, and* Le Prate *in Jack Boots.*

L. Addle. So, so, the Rising's up, and I think we are all fitted: and since you have done me the Honour

to chuſe me for your Colonel, you ſhall find me ready to puſh forward, I warrant ye.

Le Prat. Madam, mine Horſe is ready, let us go to night, begar.

L. Strod. Methinks Mr. Deputy looks very like an Officer too.

Nicom. Oh lack, no ſeriouſly, I make but an indifferent Figure: I profeſs I never wore a Sword in my life before, but once at a Training: 'Od ſo, I've forgot my Scabbard. [*Exit.*

L. Addle. An Officer! I vow, my Lady *Stroddle*, I'm aſham'd of him; he'll ne'er be fit for any thing but to carry the Match.

L. Strod. But Madam, I don't ſee the Captain here all this while.

L. Addle. Ah, there's another: I beſeech ye, Madam, don't name him; he's found to be the greateſt Raſcal in Town, a poor beggarly Fellow: they ſay he was formerly a Blackſmith: but what has made me utterly diſcard him, is, the Villain has had the impudence to brag of Favours; and you know, Madam, if once they do that—

L. Strod. Ah, that's inſufferable; but really he was a luſty Fellow.

Enter Tearſhift *with Lady* Addleplot's *Rigging and Jack Boots, and a Paper in her Hand.*

Tearſh. Oh, Madam, here's your Ladyſhip's Rigging, and the account of the *Kentiſh* Riſing: The Captain of the Party has ſent ye the Particulars.

L. Addle. Oh that's good; I thought I ſhould hear to night. Come let's peruſe it, and drink their Healths, hum hum. [*They ſit down.*

An Impartial Account of the Mutineers that have riſen ſince Friday *laſt.* Very good. *Imprimis*, Of Officers and others, that deſerted thro Scruple in the laſt Reign, and have now deſerted thro another Scruple in this, two hundred and threeſcore. Here's a Pint Glaſs, their Healths, my Lady *Stroddle*. Of Monks, Dominicans, Franciſcan Friers, and Jeſuits, that herd amongſt Quakers, Fanaticks, Independents, and Fifth-Monarchy-men, fifty nine. Oh fy, that's but few.

L. Strod.

L. Strod. Alas! Good Men, they have made hard ſhift.

L. Addle. Pray obſerve, Madam, of Loyal Tory-Rory Whores in and about *London*— Ten thouſand— 'Dſlife, give me the Bottle.

L. Strod. Ah, Bleſſing on their Hearts. Gad 'tis pity they ſhould have that ſcandalous Name given 'em; the Creatures have always been very ſerviceable to our Party.

Le Prat. Ah, 'tis certain, de Whore do ver muſh good in de turn of Government: dey haunt de Play-houſe, and ſhatt, and make a de noyce; ah, begar they are ver ſerviceable.

L. Addle. Serviceable! Ay, you'd ſay ſo if you knew all: Why, they are the chief Tools we work with; why, theſe Ten thouſand Whores now ſhall draw as many Fools to 'em in a Month's time, and that will make a conſiderable Army. We'll be gone by break of day, Madam.

L. Strod. With all my Heart, Madam, I'm ready at a Minute. I hope we ſhall have Maſs open again ſome time or other.

Enter Old Brag *drunk.*

O. Brag. A Son of a Whore to run away from his Colours, almoſt before he was well liſted; 'oons I'll hang him myſelf, I'll make him ride the Wooden-Horſe twelve Hours together, with a dozen of Muſquets ty'd to each Leg— Let me ſee, this is the Houſe I'm ſure—I'll make bold to beat up her Ladyſhip's Quarters for once, I know the Rogue is crept in here.

L. Addle. See the careleſs Baggage, this is your leaving the Door open.

L. Strod. And when we are caballing too, Oh fy, Mrs. *Tearſhift*, this is a great Fault indeed; d'ſlife we ſhall be diſcover'd.

L. Addle. Let me go, my Lady *Stroddle*—you ſhall ſee me lay the Raſcal's Soul at my Foot the firſt puſh.

Le Prat. Ah! Madam, it muſt not be, I will demand de Combat my ſelf, I will challenge him to morrow Morning; I will bring you his Heart for your Dinner, inſtead of de *French* Capon, and his Guts ſhall ſerve inſtead of de Sawſage about it.

O. Brag.

O. Brag. That muſt be the *French* Admiral by his bragging, ugh; and the Rogue carries the *Baſtile* about him: you take out my Guts for Sawſages, Sirrah? Sirrah, y'are the Son of a Whore, and I'll make a national Quarrel on't.

Le Prat. Vell, Vell, I remember, Raſcal, I remember.

Old Brag *ſings,*

Remember ye Prigs what was formerly done.

O. Brag. Where is this Raſcal got now? I'll ferret him out of your holes i'faith, I'll find out your Ladyſhip's ugh By-places, I'll have him if he be above ground. [*Exit.*

L. Addle. Go *Tearſhift* after him, and let my Footmen uſe him at their Diſcretion.

Enter Nicompoop, *and* Y. Brag.

Nicom. Oh! Madam, here's the ſaddeſt News you ever heard. Your Ladyſhip's fine Daughter *Jenny*, and my ungracious *Molly* are both ſtole out to night from the Boarding-School, with *Cooper* and *Semibrief.*

L. Addle. Hah! what ſays the Fellow?

Le Prate. Ha ha ha—dis is de Captain de Blackſmith, and now turn'd Granadeer, begar.

Y. Brag. Madam, I hope your Ladyſhip will excuſe my Diſguiſe; but what Mr. Deputy ſays is very true, I dog'd 'em my ſelf, and have told him where they are.

L. Addle. This ever comes of theſe plaguy Boarding-Schools, the Girls are always ſnap'd up by ſome piping or capering Fellow or other, if they are worth any thing——Come my Lady *Stroddle*, my Bowels yern for the Jade; however I muſt go ſee whether ſhe is undone or no.

Y. Brag. Ah! dear Madam, what muſt I expect from your Ladyſhip's Favour?———

L. Addle. Who's there? bid ſomebody give the Blackſmith here a Teſter, and let him have my Cuſtom for ſhooing my Coach-Horſes—Come Monſieur, come let's go.

L. Strod. And pray let us make haſte, Colonel, for you know the Riſing is of greater concern to us than Children or Parents either.

Le Prate,

Le Prate. Ah morbleau, is it; dere be de ver much difference. [*Exeunt.*

Y. Brag. Give the Blackſmith a Teſter; 'tis ſo, ſhe's in the right, faith, for I have work'd at the Forge many a time, till I have earn'd it very dearly.

Enter Tearſhift.

Ah dear Mrs. *Tearſhift*, I'm undone, my Lady has quite thrown me off, this old ſcoundrel Father of mine has utterly ruin'd me.

Tear. Why then ye have the means now to be reveng'd on him, for yonder he lies drunk, and aſleep upon the Cellar-ſtairs; and my Lady's Footmen are going to dreſs him up like a Dominican Friar, and as ſoon as he wakes intend to expoſe him to the Mob. I'm ſorry I can't ſtay to ſee the ſport; for I muſt after my Lady. [*Exit.*

Y. Brag. Gad I'm glad of this however, for now will I be reveng'd of the old Dog-bolt—I'll go and enter my ſelf amongſt the Mob immediately, I'll be the Foreman of his Jury, faith—— [*Exit.*

SCENE III.

Enter Old Merriton, Y. Merriton, Mirtilla, Coopee, Semibrief, Molly, Jenny, *and* Parſon.

Old Mer. Now, Madam, I hope you are ſatisfied; I'll therefore leave ye in poſſeſſion, and go and get a Guard for our farther Aſſiſtance. Gentlemen, ſtand to your Poſts, you know your own Ladies are at ſtake.

Coopee. Doubt not, Sir, we are very happy to meet you to give us this Protection.

Semi. We'll defend our Fortunes now we have got 'em, I'll warrant ye Sir—Come Domine, you are one of our Party. [*To the* Parſon, *and Exeunt.*

Old Mer. 'Tis well, and I'll be with ye preſently. [*Ex.* Old Mer.

Mirtil. I hope, Sir, you'll defend your Fortune too?

Y. Mer. My Fortune is not worth defending, Madam.

Mirtil. How, Sir, not worth defending?—is my Price fallen then?

Y. Mer.

Y. Mer. Your Price! Ah no, I ſpoke of my own Fortune; your Value, Madam, is ineſtimable, young, fair, and witty, Fifty thouſand Pounds too; and much good may it d'ye, I am not envious.

Mirtil. All which I freely give to your diſpoſe, Sir.

Y. Mer. By no means, Madam, I am no Uſurer; your Wiſdom will do better to ſignify this to your Goldſmith, he'll manage your full Bags to an advantage: for my own part I deal in Hearts, not Money.

Mirtil. My Heart, Sir, is yours; for now I can give it nobly, I've Wealth enough.

Y. Mer. But I, alas, have not enough for you: I think 'twas once your ſaying.

Mirtil. And do you then refuſe me for a Saying?

Y. Mer. The rich require no Love, they expect Reverence, and you ſee I keep my diſtance: When we were equal, then I lov'd ye dearly, I durſt be bold then; now you are above me.

Mirtil. I am not proud, Sir.

Y. Mer. Not to your own thinking; a Woman's Pride is juſt like one that ſquints, ſhe ſeldom thinks ſhe has the Imperfection, becauſe ſhe never ſees it.

Mirtil. Are not you proud now, to refuſe a Bleſſing ſo ſtrangely thrown upon ye? Pray conſider, Sir, are you not damnably proud?

Y. Mer. I have a noble Sullenneſs of Soul, not proud; I never was a Slave to the Baud Fortune, nor am I to be puffſt up with her Benefits.

Mirtil. Muſt then your Bravery of Mind be ſhown to all the World but me? Ah! where is now the Love you once proteſted?

Y. Mer. Here in my Breaſt, my Heart is full of it; but, Madam, you would never entertain it, you ſet my Heart ſtill on the ſcore of Fortune, 'twas not to be oblig'd to you, but her: 'tis true, you argued prettily upon it; but too wiſe Reaſoning ſhews too little Love.

Mirtil. All Love without it is Madneſs.

Y. Mer. Rapture you mean, and in that Rapture, Heaven, 'tis the Soul's general Good enjoy'd in common, as well by the naked Beggar as the Monarch. Fortune's a Gift particular to Fools, to make amends for the Soul's groſs

groſs Defects, the blind work of Predeſtination; what muſt be, muſt be.

Mirtil. I never yet did wiſh the Gifts of Fortune, only to give 'em you.

Y. Mer. You ſhould have given your ſelf, in you was Fortune; each precious Minute you defer'd my Happineſs, was greater loſs than Fortune conld repay me: now 'tis your Charity—I take it baſely, 'tis Fifty thouſand Pounds given as an Alms.

Mirtil. You are ſhreudly hurt, to take the Alms of Love thus warmly heap'd in Gold——Come, come, you jeſt with me, you cannot leave me ſo.

Y. Mer. Not ſo! I've yet ſome generous Services to pay ye, when you are ſettled, then I'll tell ye more.

Mirtil. And more I hope to th' purpoſe.

Y. Mer. It may be ſo; mean time pleaſe to retire, here's Company coming: I ſhould be a Fool indeed, if I ſhould loſe thee for all my ſeeming [*Ex.* Mirtil.] Sullenneſs; I know ſhe's faſt, therefore play this game, that hereafter ſhe mayn't twit me with her Benefits. Riches corrupt the Mind, ſome Women muſt be ſerv'd ſo.

Enter Amorous *laughing, with a Scrivener.*

Here comes *Amorous*, whoſe merry Tone will be turn'd too very ſuddenly.

Ha! *Jack*, well met; thour't very merry, I ſee, by which I gueſs the World goes well—hah——

Amor. Beyond my expectation, faith, dear Rogue; I have ſtript *Jiltall*, taken away her Settlement, and torn it; and have now brought this honeſt Fellow with Deeds here that give me a Thouſand a Year, which my Uncle has this night promis'd to ſeal; ha ha ha.

Y. Mer. So; why, thou wert wrapt in thy Mother's Smock, ſure, for thy Luck! But prithee what is become of the Jilt now?

Amor. Why, thou wilt find her ſelling of Walnuts by *Fleet-Ditch* within theſe two days; footing of Stockings is above her level; ſhe has not a Nine-pence left to buy Materials.

Enter Jiltall *richly dreſs'd with* Oyley, *and three Footmen with Lights.*

Y. Mer. 'Dslife, prithee look, is not that ſhe yonder?

Amor.

Amor. No, that muſt be the Devil who has taken her Likeneſs, and comes I believe with a deſign upon my Perſon. [*Stands amaz'd.*

Jilt. Methinks *Oyley*, the Coach is not eaſy enough, I'll have the Cuſhions alter'd, and the Velvet finer; I'll have ſix Horſes too, I find every taudry Gentlewoman has a couple.

Oyley. 'Tis true, Madam; and methinks your Ladyſhip's Liveries are not fine enough neither.

Jilt. No, they have too much of the dull City-Air; I'll make Sir *Rowland* change 'em. I'll have my Pages cover'd with Gold Lace, and lin'd with Tiſſue.

Y. Mer. Is this ſhe that was ſelling Walnuts by *Fleet-Ditch?*

Amor. Damn her, this can be nothing but bouncing; you ſhall ſee me go and teaze her about the Settlement.

Jilt. What makes Sir *Rowland* ſtay ſo long, *Oyley?*

Oyley. He's only talking with Mr. *Dogſears* the Parſon a little, Madam, he'll be with ye preſently.

Amor. Hoh, old Acquaintance; what, I ſee thou keep'ſt up ſtill, I ſee thou wilt not want Rigging while there's a Cully in the Town.

Jilt. What means the Fellow? Who is this Raſcal, *Oyley?*

Oyley. Some pitiful Shagrag or other, Madam, of *Alſatia*, that wants to be kick'd by your Ladyſhip's Footmen.

Amor. Do I ſo, eternal Common Shore? No, they'll better ſerve for your Bitchſhip's Recreation in the Ladder at night. But, *Betty*, prithee why ſo reſty? Lord, you Whores with Settlements are ſo proud, ha ha ha.

Jilt. If I did not know thee to be a Fool, and not worth a Groat, I would ruin thee for that word. Hark ye, do ye pretend to know me, Sirrah?

Amor. Cry ye mercy, faith, may be I am bewitched and miſtaken; but the Devil take me, if you do not look as like to a confounded Jilt of my Acquaintance as one Thumb looks like another. Doſt hear, prithee, honeſt Fellow, who is that Lady? ha! [*To a Footman.*

Foot. Who is it? why, 'tis my Lady *Rakehell*: Sir *Rowland* will fleece your Coat, I can tell ye that, if he comes and ſees ye ſaucy with her.

Amor.

Amor. Lady *Rakehell*, and Sir *Rowland!* what a Devil does this mean!

Y. Mer. This cunning Jilt has counterplotted him, by Heaven; I find it.

Amor. Why, hark ye, Fubs, prithee how came thy Name to be alter'd? ha.

Jilt. 'Tis a diſgrace to me to tell thee; but ſince 'tis the only Honour I ever intend to do thee, know, Sirrah, I'm your Aunt, I am married to your Uncle, Sirrah.

Amor. 'Oons, married to my Uncle!

Oyley. Ay, ay, married to your Uncle, Sirrah; what a Pox, won't the Fellow be anſwered?

Amor. 'Dſheart, ye Jade, deny it again, and quickly, or I will have no more mercy on thee than——

[*Takes her by the Throat.*

Oyley. Help, help! Murder, Murder!

Enter Rakehell.

Rake. What's this I ſee, my raſcally Nephew abuſing Miſtreſs *Oyley*? Sirrah, hands off, or I'll run my Sword in your Guts. What is your meaning for this, Rogue? ha!

Amor. Meaning! why, Sir, the impudent Queen would face me down that you were married to *Jiltall*, my *quondam* Whore there.

Rake. How, Sirrah, your Whore? Stand off, let me come to him, he ſhall never ſpeak again, by this Blade.

Jilt. Now for my Game cunningly. [*Aſide.*
No, dear Sir *Rowland*, for my ſake ſpare him now, becauſe 'tis our Wedding-day; 'tis true, he has been ſaucy, and wicked, ungracious, and impudent; but let him ſcape for once, do dear, ſweet, honey Sir *Rowland*. Alas! you know the poor Fellow is crack'd-brain'd.

[*She ſtrokes and fawns on Sir* Rowland.

Amor. Or ſhall be preſently, 'faith, if this hold. Well, Sir, to the diſcovery of that another time: Here the Scrivener has brought the Deed you order'd; will you pleaſe to go in and ſeal?

[*Shows the Deed, and* Rakehell *ſtrikes it out of his hand.*

Rake. Seal! 'oons ye Blockhead, I've married the Heireſs, what a Devil ſhould I ſeal?

Amor. Why to the thousand Pounds a Year you promis'd me; what a plague have you forgot?

Rake. I'll not give thee a Groat; get the Pox, take the Highway, rob, come to the Gallows, and be damn'd, a fair riddance———

Jilt. Alas, if my dear Husband here should seal to the Settlement, in one of your mad fits, Cousin, you'd tear it some time or other.

Amor. A Pox Cousin ye!——I'm resolv'd this Devil shall never carry it off so, however: why then, Sir, I must tell ye, that you are cheated too, for she's no more the right Heiress than I am; but as I told ye before, my cast-off Wench, and her Name is *Jiltall*———

Jilt. Nay, make him believe that if thou canst, Fool: [*Aside to* Amorous. Ha ha ha, d'ye hear him, Sir, d'ye hear him?

Rake. Ay, ay—A Pox on him, but I'll not endure this; I'll send the Dog to *Bedlam* to morrow——but come, my Dear—Supper stays for us—thou'rt welcome now to thine own House—Sirrah, go and get open the door. [*Footman goes to the Door, and* Y. Mer. *interposes.*

Y. Mer. Who would you speak with, Friend? Have you any business here?——

Foot. Business here, Sir! yes that I have.

Y. Mer. To me then?

Foot. To you! I've nothing to say to you, my Business is with the Porter.

Y. Mer. I am the Porter.

Rake. How now, Sir, you the Porter! pray since when? I never entertain'd ye that I remember.

Y. Mer. The Lady of the House has, that's enough, Sir.

Jilt. Who, I? what does he mean? I never entertain'd him, not I.

Y. Mer. You never did, indeed; alas, how should ye? you are not the Lady of the House———

Rake. No, Sir, then I hope you'll give me leave to be Lord on't, I hope I may come in.

Y. Mer. Not a foot further, Sir; my Lady has given orders to the contrary.

Rake.

Rake. A pox on your Lady, what have I to do with her? 'oons, muſt not I bring my Wife into my own Houſe for her?

T. Mer. You may if you pleaſe, Sir; but this is none of it, this is my Lady's Houſe.

Amor. I believe *Merriton* has contriv'd this trick for my ſake; come dear *Will*, ſhall I come in then, dear Rogue?

T. Mer. Nor you neither, Sir, I muſt beg your pardon.

Amor. Pardon! prithee what doſt thou mean, is the Devil in thee?

Rake. Hey-day! here's another mad Puppy——the Town ſwarms with 'em now as thick as Waſps in Summer; what hoa—who's within there? Old *Merriton*—Orthodox, Pew-pimp, where are ye, in the Devil's Name?

Enter Old Merriton *with Guard at diſtance.*

Old Mer. To one of my Names I anſwer; what's your pleaſure, Sir?

Rake. 'Oons, to go in, Sir——and to carry in this ſweet Lady, Sir, quick, quick, ye old Homily; I've Wonders to tell thee, Rogue.

Old Mer. I have Wonders to tell you, Sir *Rowland.*

Rake. A pox o'thy Wonders, thou haſt 'em all out of the *Apocrypha*, I'll not hear one of 'em before Supper; 'ſbud, open the Door there.

Jilt. What can be the meaning of this?

Old Mer. You will not force, Sir, into a Lady's Houſe without her leave?

Rake. A Lady's Houſe—ha ha ha, old *Deuteronomy*'s mad too; or has the old Hypocrite got a Whore into my Houſe, and lovingly given her the Poſſeſſion?

Old Mer. No, Sir, the Lady, which is the right Owner of the Houſe, Sir *William Wealthy*'s Daughter; ſhe, you and I kidnap'd to the *Indies*, Sir, who has, to tell you the truth, with my Aſſiſtance, now made hard ſhift to get back to ſeize her own.

Rake. Ha, ha, ha——'tis ſo, he's craz'd, poor Religion is ſtark mad by this Light; the Owner within! ye

lye, here ſhe ſtands; ſpeak, my Dear, art not thou the true Heireſs?——hah, prithee ſpeak, and confound the ſilly Fellow.

Jilt. Why then, if I muſt ſpeak, not I, faith, Sir, therefore look to your ſelf.

Rake. Not the Heireſs! 'oons, what a Devil art thou then?

Oyley. A very good Gentlewoman, I aſſure ye, Sir *Rowland*——

Amor. I told ye once before, ſhe's an old Acquaintance of mine, an admirable Backſword-Player; 'tis true, ſhe's not worth a Groat, but ſhe can knit well, or make Buttons: will you ſeal yet, Sir?

Rake. Oh the Devil, I am chous'd, abus'd, undone!

Old Mer. A miſtake only in the Woman, Sir; here comes a Lady will clear all.

Enter Mirtilla.

Your Guardian, Madam——but perhaps you have forgot him.

Mir. I have, but not his Vices, which I'll not reprove, becauſe I'll leave the Law to do it for me; in the mean time 'tis ſatisfaction for me that I dare ſeize my own.

Amor. My little pretty Tit of the Boarding-School; by all that's good, this ſubtle old Fellow, I find, has fool'd me damnably.

Jilt. Her own! Furies and Hell! am I then gull'd at laſt?

Rake. 'Sbud draw, I'll make a forcible entry; I'll not be fool'd thus: Draw Nephew, and I will ſeal.

Amor. Not I; draw to *Newgate*, to *Tyburn*, be condemned, carted, halter'd, hoiſted and hang'd, if you pleaſe: I'll not draw an inch, not I.

Old Mer. Oh, we are ready for ye, Sir; ſeize on him there, and ſecure him till the Law determine further. [*Conſtable and Guard ſeize* Rake.

And now y'are hamper'd, Sir, know that our former Argument of ſpiriting away to the *Indies* this young Lady, the right Heireſs to Sir *William Wealthy*, was always odious to me; which I had then diſcover'd, and ſecur'd

ſecur'd her, had I not known your crouded Coffers would have out-talk'd my Honeſty. I therefore took this way, and ſeeming readily to pack her off, convey'd her privately to a Boarding-School, where the two hundred pounds a Year allow'd me for that honourable Action, I have faithfully laid out on her in Breeding. Thus have I ſav'd her from your miſchievous Intentions, and am well rewarded in the grateful Action.

Rake. I have made a fine Day's Work of this! not ſo much for loſing Three Thouſand a Year, as for marrying a three-pil'd Whore for an Heireſs——but there's one Comfort ſtill, ſhe is not like to get a Groat by me.

Jilt. If I had known that, I'd as ſoon have married the Hangman.

Amor. What does your Ladyſhip think of a Page now, cover'd with Gold-Lace, and lin'd with Tiſſue?

Jilt. I'd poiſon him, as I would thee, and all the World.

Oyley. If I did not dream of Woollen Stockings laſt Night, I'm no Chriſtian.

Mirt. The Houſe I ſtand poſſeſt of, and the Writings, which give me Title as my Father's Heir; all which, Sir, [*To old* Mer.

being about to chuſe me a new Guardian, I have offered, nay with my ſelf, to an ungrateful Man that has refus'd me.

O. Mer. And has he his Wits left?

[*Frowning on his Son.*

Amor. Whoever, Madam, that ſtupid Creature is, you ſhall find me more tractable; and if you pleaſe, you may remember, Madam——

[*Bviſhing up to her,* Y. Mer. *interpoſes.*

Y. Mer. Oh, Sir! this is a Jem too rich to loſe; and, as you ſay, he muſt be very ſtupid, that kindly proffer'd, can deny to wear it—I hope, I may ſucceed, Madam.

Mirt. I need not ſpeak, my Heart too much pleads for ye.

Amor. Pox, ſobb'd again; the Devil's in my Fortune—hark'ye, Sir, you have chous'd me finely here,

[*To old* Mer.

O. Mer. Only Wit outwitted, *Jack*, no Chouce; I only diverted thee a little, for my Son's ſake: thou know'ſt natural Affection is unblameable.

Amor. Diverted me! a pretty Epithet, he has diverted me from fifty thouſand Pounds, with a Pox to him; a fine Diverſion indeed!——A plague of my ſhallow Pate!

O. Mer. Mr. Conſtable, there's your Warrant, go and ſecure Sir *Rowland* till further order; Crimes of this nature muſt not be wink'd at, nor can I refuſe my Evidence, and be honeſt.

Rake. Honeſt! a Fellow with a Face of thy Levitical cut, honeſt! and a Rogue that knows too, there's no ſuch thing in Nature.

O. Mer. No.

Rake. No! does not the Farmer cheat the Country, the Country cheat the City, the City cheat the Courtier, the Courtier cheat the King, the Robber cheat the Fur-Coat, the Fur-Coat cheat the Red-Coat, the Red-Coat cheat the Petty-Coat, the Petty-Coat cheat the Black-Coat, and the Black-Coat cheat us all? and yet thou prateſt of Honeſty, Honeſty; prithee cant, pray on, and be damn'd, for that thou wilt come to for all thy Honeſty: and ſo farewel.

Amor. Goodbye, Uncle, here's my Settlement in a fine condition.

Y. Mer. Well *Jack*, thou ſhalt be no loſer by my Fortune; I know thy ravenous Uncle has ſuck'd up a great part of thy Eſtate by means unjuſt, which we'll return, and ſet thee up anew: ſee, *Betty* ſmiles at that.

Amor. And ſhall we fawn, and ſtroke, and kiſs, and ſpit at one another again? Hah, my dear, dear, damn'd Crocodile, hah! [*Embracing her firſt, then frowns.*

Oyley. Plague on 'em, they laugh at us; come away, Madam.

Jilt. I come; but I'm reſolv'd I'll leave one ſwinging Curſe behind me firſt.

May Whores loſe thee, and all thy Race Salvation;
Broad Want, the Pox, Murder, and Deſolation;
And damn ye to the twentieth Generation. [*Exit.*

Amor.

Amor. Ha ha ha; adieu Buttock; and Gad little did I think that ever I ſhould have had the Heart to have ſaid ſo: but come, there's an end on't. How now, who have we here, more Houſe-warmers?

Enter L. Addleplot, *L.* Stroddle, Nicompoop, Le Prate, *and* Tearſhift.

L. Addle. Where is this Wretch, this degenerate Creature, that is ſo eager for Man before ſhe is capable, this Cub of thirteen, with the Devil in her already? Where muſt I find her? hah!

Nicomp. This is the Houſe, an't pleaſe your Ladyſhip.

Le Prat. Dis is de Houſe begar of Sir *Rowland Rakewell.*

Y. Mer. Begar you lye; and therefore ſtand further off: Hey, what a Plague d'ye come to beſiege my Houſe?

Le Prat. Your Houſe, morbleau? but dat is ver range.

Y. Mer. Oh Sir, ſtrange and true! Therefore dance your diſtance.

L. Addle. I hope you are not acceſſary to the Childrens Rape, Sir?

Y. Mer. Not I, Faith; all your Ladyſhip's Children have a better Faculty themſelves than to want Acceſſaries.

L. Addle. Very well, Sir; you may chance to ſwing for this; for my Daughter is an Heireſs.

Y. Mer. Oh, I'll venture that, they are within there with two honeſt ingenious young Fellows, who I think are married to 'em; and for my part I could not civilly deny 'em the Protection of my Houſe. See, I ſuppoſe they have heard your Voice, and are come of their own accord.

Enter Jenny, Molly, Coopee, Semibrief, *and* Parſon.

L. Addle. Ay, ay, there has been ſome Miſchief done, I'm ſure, for yonder's a Parſon with 'em.

L. Addle. Don't ye know your Mother, Huſſy? Come hither.

Jenny. Oh, but I won't tho, you'll whip me.

Nicom.

Nicom. And haſt thou ungraciouſly taken Man without my leave, *Molly?*

Molly. Yes indeed have I, therefore hold your ſelf contented.

Semib. Ay, ay, well ſaid, my Dear. [*Hugs her.*

Jenny. However, whereof I am married, pray, the Man asked Mr. *Coopee* a Queſtion, and he ſaid ay; and then he asked me a Queſtion, and I ſaid ay; and then we both joined Hands together, and ſo we were married as faſt as any thing. [Coopee *hugs her.*

L. Addle. You have not conſummated, you Jade, and therefore I'll unmarry you again.

Parſon. Verily they have done as became them both, I was an Eye-witneſs.

L. Strod. An Eye-witneſs! there's a pimping fanatical Rogue for you now.

Molly. Ivads I like it very well, I wiſh I had been married ſooner for my part; for I begin to love Mr. *Semibrief* ſince we bedded, better than my Bread and Butter by half.

L. Addle. This comes of putting Girls to a Boarding-School.

Nicom. Ay, they hop, and dance till they ſet their Blood on fire, and then they quench it with the next Puddle they come at, ſeriouſly.

Shout within.] A Rogue, a Fryer, down with him, down with him.

Enter Old Brag *in a Fryer's Habit, the Mob after him, and* Young Brag *as their Captain.*

Old Brag. Help, help! Murder, Murder! I'm purſued, I'm taken, I'm kill'd, help, help.

Y. Brag. Oh, we'll bring you to life again preſently, you old Scoundrel.

Mer. There's Money for ye, I'll purchaſe his Liberty for once; and d'ye hear, yonder's a better Subject for you by half, my Lady there: now you have a rare time to revenge your ſelf, and ſeize on her and her Party; I know they're hatching ſomething againſt the Government.

Y. Brag.

Y. Brag. I'll do't, fall on Friends——By your leave, Madam, I muſt ſecure you, you have done as much for me you know many a time: 'tis true, yours was a fairer way, but we Politicians muſt not value Niceties of Honour, we have an Advantage; therefore I, the Blackſmith and Captain, confine you Priſoner to the State.

Mob. And I the Chimney-ſweeper a Lieutenant, juſtify him in't.

L. Addle. Nay, I know the Government's afraid of me, I have been told as much; but for my own part, look to't that I don't meet thee hereafter, for if I do, if there be a Capon in Chriſtendom I'll make thee one; I'll teach you to diſarm the Colonel of the Ladies, you *Limberham's* Raſcal you.

L. Strod. If ever we live to ſee good Days again, look to your ſelves, Rebels.

Le Prate. Or twenty towſand *French* upon *London-Bridge*, as *Notredame* aſſure us——den you ſhall ſee vat de *French* can do; den morbleu you ſhall ſee de great Monarch——

Y. Brag. Ah, ſtop his Mouth there, down with him, a *French* Raſcal.

Nicom. Well, I hope we ſhall have Peace for all this, for I am weary of my Buff, ſeriouſly.

Old Brag. And ſo am I of my Sables here, I'm ſure: 'dſdeath could they find no other way to diſgrace me, but to ſtink me with an old Fox-Hide, and choak me up in the Fur of a Fryer? Now ſhall I ſtink of Popery for this Month at leaſt, which is a worſe Smell to me than an old Jew that is telling a Story, and has juſt reliſh'd his Mouth with a Clove of Garlick.

Old Mer. Come, Madam, your Supper is ready within, where you ſhall give me leave to drink Proſperity to the King and Government, not forgetting ſome new Conſummations.

Amor. And if I do happen to be drunk with toping thine and thy Bleſſing's Health there, thou'lt be ſo kind, Friend, as to remember the Mortgage in the Morning, hah——

Y. Mer.

Y. Mer. Oh never doubt me, I'll not break my Word——and now ſweet Angel, my Joys croud thick about my Heart, and long for vent; the approaching Happineſs looks ſo like Heaven, that methinks I am extaſied already.

Mirtil. Nor is my ſhare of vaſt Content leſs charming.

In Fortune's brighteſt Sphere of Bliſs I move,
Enjoying Wealth enough, and him I love.

[Exeunt omnes.

EPI-

EPILOGUE,

By Mr. *Mountford*, and Mrs. *Butler*.

Butl. D'Ye hear me, *Mr.* Mountford, *pray come back,*
D'ye know what I've done here?
Mount. *Yes, play'd a Crack.*
Butl. *A Crack, what's that?*
Mount. *Pish, leave your bantring ſtuff:*
I'm ſure you know what th' Word means well enough.
Butl. *Not I, unleſs 'tis thoſe that hunt rich Heirs,*
At Covent-Garden *Church, at Morning Prayers.*
Mount. *Prayers, Child; no, no, your true-bred Cracks ne'er pray,*
Their Talent's exercis'd another way.
In ſhort, thou haſt abus'd a Generation
Of female Vipers in a common Station.
Butl. *That is, I have abus'd, Sir, half the Nation,*
Nay, ſome perhaps that take the thing to Heart;
I think I was bewitch'd to act the Part.
Mount. *Pray what have you done more to ſhew their Follies,*
Than I have done t'expoſe the Keeping Cullies?
The Satire in my part makes equal Sport, as th'Poet thinks.
Butl. *Ay, the Devil take him for't.*
When one Dutch *Lover's in a keeping way,*
One Month is better than a twelve month's Pay.
Mount. *Is it ſo, faith?*
Butl. *Yes, as I make 'em pay.*
Mount. *Well, here are other things to make amends,*
Mirtilla's Part muſt get him Female Friends.
A rampant Wife is well expos'd to view,
And not ill drawn; a ſneaking Cuckold too.

Butl.

Butl. *I can't imagine where that Satire hooks,*
I can find no such Cuckold here by's Looks.
Mount. *Yes fifty in that upper Row. Gadzooks,*
Rich Goldsmiths, Mercers, Taylors, Brewers, Bakers.
Butl. *And what are these?* [Pointing to the
Mount. *Oh, these are Cuckold-makers,*
Who e'er that Tribe still bear preheminence:
For you must know there's as much difference
Between the Horner and the hen-pack'd Drudge.
As is between a Tipstaff and a Judge.
Butl. *Well, these abusive Jests will never do,*
The Audience hates 'em:
Mount. *That's a sign they're true.*
Butl. *'Dslife 'tis enough to cry the Playhouse down,*
Leigh's Part and mine abuses half the Town.
Mount. *Good Satire's no Abuse.*
Butl. *Not where the Lash is felt:*
Faith, Mountford, thou'rt a Coxcomb;
Mount. *Thou'rt a Fool.*
Butl. *Made so here, only by a Poet's Pen;*
Send him his Part, I'll never play't again.
[Throws away the Part, and
Mountford to the *Audience.*
This is a Trick, and done, or I'm a Chouse,
To get a greater Pension from the House;
I therefore in the Author's part appear,
To beg excuse for th' Entertainment here:
And now I from my Wife some time can borrow,
I'll swinge her—but I'll make her play't to morrow.

FINIS.

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